

T H E  
L I F E  
O F  
Mr. JOHN VAN,  
A CLERGYMAN'S SON,  
of *Woody*, in *Hampshire*.

B E I N G

A Series of many extraordinary Events, and surprizing Vicissitudes: In which are shewn, among a great Number of singular and merry Occurrences, his Entrance into the Army as a Trooper; his Bravery against the Rebels; his Marriage with an Heiress of eight hundred Pounds a Year, at *St. Ive's* in *Huntingdonshire*; his Conduct in High Life; his Favours from Fortune, and Reduction to Poverty.

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Written by his Friend and Acquaintance,  
G. S. GREEN.

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In TWO VOLUMES.

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V O L. II.

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THE



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VOL. II.

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C H A P. I.

*Mr. Van gets into the good Graces of a rich Widow: He makes her a Visit: Plot upon Plot: The strict Justice of Mrs. Van: More deceitful Dealings: Mr. Van escapes an ignominious Catastrophe, by the good Conduct of his Spouse: An Interview between two rival Ladies: Mrs. Van's Misfortune on the Way; being an instructive Lesson to her Sex, not to be too much taken with the Beauty of an Outside.*

**M**R. Van, being one Night at an Assembly, danced with Mrs. Lackit, a Widow Lady of about seven  
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hundred Pounds a Year, in that Neighbourhood; who took an extraordinary Liking to our Hero; and being a Woman of a pleasant turn of Wit, took vast Delight in his Conversation and Humour. After they had broke up, she very politely said to him, that, as he was a Stranger, the Rules of Hospitality obliged her to beg he would come and take a small Dinner with her, at *Goth-Hall*, before his return Home, presuming by the Length of his Stay in that Country, he must surely be a single Man; and whom she had some Thoughts of making otherwise. Mr. *Van*, who was always very complaisant to the Ladies, assured her, he would certainly do himself the Honour of bowing to her Abode.

As Mrs. *Lackit* and her Woman, who had been her Bedfellow at the Boarding School, and her Confidant ever since, rode home in the Coach, the Entertainment chiefly turned on the Company they were in, the Night before. Mrs. *Lackit* praised and dis-  
praised

praised every one in the Assembly, but her own Partner. On which Mrs. *Maria* made bold to put her in mind of the Stranger, whom she supposed to be forgot, and gave him so great a Character, that her Lady was forced to confess, that, *The Man was well enough; and that he had the genteelest way of tying his Neck-cloth, that ever she saw.* But did not know, nor desire to know, who he was, or what he was; since he might be a married Man for any thing she knew; especially as all Men were indifferent to her, since the Loss of her own. *Maria*, who saw the Change of her Mistresses Manner — from merry to melancholy — from pleasant to peevish, was well assured the major Part of her Discourse was a Figure in Speech called an Hyperbole; and that she saw something too much like Love, lie under the Coverture. And, therefore, took all possible Occasions to magnify his Qualifications, 'till he became the La-

dy's Aversion so much, she could not bare to hear him named.

Thus silenced — *Maria* mentioned him no more. But the good Widow herself, whose Mind ran on nothing else, would now and then burst out into a forced Laugh, and cry, ' O ! ' *Geminy !* That ever you should like ' such a Man ! — That ever you ' should think any Body so big to be ' agreeable ' ! And such like Speeches, that betrayed her Inclinations, beyond the Power of Disguise. When at home — she disrelished the rural Company that was formerly pleasing to her ; and seemed to be in a restless Impatience for Mr. *Van's* expected Visit. Who delayed it upon any frivolous Avocation, so long, that the passionate Lady could nor forbear sending him the following Note :

S I R,

*AS* you promised us the Pleasure of  
your Company before your return  
Home, myself and a few more that  
you

MR. JOHN VAN. 5  
*you honoured at the Assembly, would be  
glad to see you here, on Thursday next ;*

I am, for myself and

Friends, Sir, your very

humble Servant.

LUCY LACKIT.

*Goth-Hall,*  
Tuesday Noon.

This peremptory Invitation was accepted ; and our Hero went to the Place of Action ; expecting to have found eight or ten choice Companions of the Male kind. But every Body was pre-engaged, and himself the only Guest. Whether Mrs. *Lackit* forgot to send for them, or the Footman fell down and forgot his Message, we have not yet heard, nor is it easy to hear : For *John* was born too far North to tell of himself. This was a Disappointment that would have pleased some Men to the Life. To have a



pretty coming Widow of seven hundred Pound a Year to one's self, without the Impertinence of even a Female Friend, was a Circumstance that would have animated even one of the Leaden Images, at *Hyde-Park Corner*. But Mr. *Van*, who had always been honest (as the Saying is) to his own Wife, had no Conception of Mrs. *Lackit's* Gallantry. He dined and drank, and cracked many a Joke with her, but always in a well-bred way. When a Man's Principles have no libidinous Bend, his Thoughts run counter to double Entendres, and such luscious Hints, as are reckoned Witty by many, if not most People. Of the Number just mentioned, perhaps our Widow was one, and laid herself open enough; but Mr. *Van* was so blind an Archer, he could not hit her, or would not; for Reasons of some sort or other. As her Freedom was more than ordinary, and his Insensibility very extraordinary, for a Person of his sanguine Complexion; she fretted a little,  
that



that he would not understand her, and resolved to subdue his invincible Virtue, if possible, some way or other. She made him stay all Night, on Pretence the Company would come in the Morning, and even shewed him his Bed; but 'twas all one; instead of Advances, of some kind or other—— he was all Confusion at her Condescension, and begged she would not dishonour herself so much, but send one of her Maids to perform so servile a Task. This might seem a bold Effort, and be construed something to the Disadvantage of the Lady, were not her good Housewifery an Affability so eminently known among the Writers of Antiquity. *Betty* the Chambermaid being behind her with a Pan of Coals, she did not stay to answer the Compliment in kind, but bid him good Night: Not a little vexed to find the Feebleness of her Power. For Women love to be addressed, whether they love the Object

or not : It stamps a Value upon themselves in their own Eyes, by being the adoration of Many. In the Morning, being a Woman of some Experience and much Intrepidity, she boldly asked him the *Question*—— that any Body might have asked, with Innocence enough, that is, *if he was married*. Mr. *Van*, who was generally consistent, answered in the Affirmative ; to the great Confusion of the love-sick Lady. But being earnest to tell her his History and Misfortunes, it passed unperceived by our Hero.

Now the Name of a married Man is very distasteful to some single Women : They shun them as if they were Monsters ! But 'twas otherwise here. For notwithstanding this *Bar* to her Hopes, she was fond of his Company, and kept him several Weeks ; and enjoined him never to go away, 'till he could better himself. In the mean time a trusty Emissary was dispatched to St. *Ives*, to buz it about, as a great Secret,  
that

MR. JOHN VAN. 9

that Mr. *Van* had met with a kind Widow, of large Fortune, that had engaged him, never more to return to his Wife.

This Report coming to the Ears of Squire *Illpay*, the natural Son of an old Miser ; on whom Mr. *Van*, some Years before, had wrote the following Epitaph ;

Beneath — as rotten as the Dirt,  
A Mortal has his Bury'ng,  
Who neither was (as all assert)  
Fish, Flesh, nor good Red-Herring.

A Wight he was but little wise,  
Of little Use and Merit ;  
Of little Worth and little Size,  
And had a little Spirit.

One Devil has his little Soul,  
Another — his Estate ;  
His Body's in this little Hole,  
To give the Worms a Bait.

Mr. *Illpay* jumped for Joy, and thought himself sure of a proper Occasion, to be revenged on the Writer,

in the Person of his Wife ; to whom he brought the News, piping hot. This put her in a Pique, or Humour proper for his Purpose ; which was to undermine and violate her Virtue. As he urged her *Wants*, and used other *strong* and *pressing* Arguments in a *glaring* Light, she surrendered upon the first Summons ; and parted with the Possession of the Citadel without the Formality of a Siege. For, believing the Report to be true, she imagined by so doing, she should tip him Justice. Especially as a Gentleman of Mr. *Illpay*'s Figure, had told her so ; and on that score made not the least Resistance ; but rather took *Pleasure* in doing thereof. This was repeated so often, to make her Revenge sure, that the World began to take Notice of it, and speak of it as a Business of no great Secrecy.

Mrs. *Lackit*, who knew of every Step, contrived to have an anonymous Letter sent to our Hero, with a full  
Account

Account of his Lady's Gallantry. This shocked his great Heart a little; but made no Alteration in his Integrity. He still preserved a Tenderness for his Wife, and excused her Failings, to himself, upon many good and valuable Considerations: As firstly, the Want of Money; secondly, the Want of *Something* else; thirdly, her Weakness and Inability to resist, for the weakest goes to the ——— Wall. Fourthly, his Absence; and lastly, the Possibility of the Report's being false. He also remembered by way of Consolation, that if it was true, *Cato*, a great and good Man at *Rome*, had formerly lent his Wife to his Friend *Hortensius*: And at her return, found her nothing the worse.

After this Accident, Mr. *Van's* *Virtue* seemed something Flexible, and gave the Widow hopes of his Fall; but she was still mistaken, and obliged once more to have Recourse to Stratagem; and contrived to have the following



lowing Letter sent him in the Name of one of his best Friends; in a Hand so similar, that he had not the least Room for Distrust

Friend *Van*,

*O*N Sunday last about eight o'Clock at Night, your Spouse made her Exit off the Stage of this Life. As her Conduct lately was not the most amiable, I presume you will receive this News with more Joy than Sorrow. Any Directions with regard to the Children, will be punctually observed by, your Friend and old Companion,

St. Ives,  
August 17th.

*John Bentivoglio.*

As Mrs. *Van* (with all her Faults) was a loving Wife, and had been the Foundation of all his good Fortune, his grateful Heart would not let him rejoice at this Triumph of Death over the other Half of himself. He  
took



took to his Room, and bewailed her Loss with as much real Grief, as if she'd been another *Susanna*. But after a few——Hours his Concern subsided, and he arose and took——Bread: And seemed to be every Day afterwards more and more at the Widow's Devotion. A Week and three whole Days were now perfectly past, and the Match not above half made. *Decency* —— the favourite Word of all Relicts, would not suffer him to marry yet-awhile, for the World. He thought a Year should be the least Time he ought to stay unbridled again. But the Lady, who was something more in a Hurry, tempted and teased him into another Temper, and made him guilty of Time-breach. So a Writ called an *Allocatur* in some Courts, and a Licence in others, being properly sued forth, they fixed the *Saturday* following for the Solemnization of their intended Nuptials.

In

In the mean time, Mr. *Illpay* finding no other Charms in Mrs. *Van*, than were to be found in his own Wife, save the Novelty, was weary of the Weight, having the whole Family to support; and began to cast about for some clean Contrivance to get rid of the Burden. But Mrs. *Van*, upon every Overture of that kind, seemed so excessively fond of him, that she always chose to suffer any thing rather than part with one she loved so dearly. But at length he touched upon the right String, by telling her he had received a Letter from a Friend in *Hampshire*, informing him, that Mr. *Van* was base enough to her and his Family, to attempt the Acquisition of another Wife; and was certainly to be married on such a Day; offering her at the same Time, a Horse and Money to go and prevent him. Mrs. *Van*, who had forgot she made *Pots* herself, was resolved the Villain her Husband, as she was pleased to

to call him, should not make *Pans*, so mounting behind a Guide, with three Guineas in her Pocket, she set forward to prevent a Match — of Mr. *Illpay*'s making, who had created this Lie in order to get rid of her ; and who knew no more of such a Conjunction than St. *Peter* of *Peterborough*, or the Pope at *Rome*. But only judged that a Woman's Mind, furnished three Stories high with Jealousy, on finding her Husband in another Woman's House, would magnify Mole-Hills into Mountains presently ; and perhaps call her Whore at the first meeting ; which would cause Confusion, and answer his End, in getting rid of her for ever ; a thing he was very desirous of, now. Mrs. *Van*'s Tenderness for him, being quite immersed in this new Pursuit (for Revenge and Jealousy like a blighting Wind, blasts all before it) she left him without the least Concern ; and scarcely thought of him all the Way ; but hugged herself

self with the Premeditation of the virulent Salute she intended to compliment the conjugal Couple with, at her first Arrival; and repeated it often, to the young Fellow that rode before her, that she might have it perfect, and not be out in a part she wished to perform with Truth, Dignity and Satire; *Anglice*, Pepper, and Vinegar. She arrived at *Goth-Hall* the Evening before the happy Day, or rather at an Avenue of Limes that led to it; where she saw her Husband and Mrs. *Lackit*, walking Hand in Hand, and smiling on one another in the most easy, pleasant and satisfied manner that can be imagined; contemplating and expatiating on the unspeakable Joys they were mutually to possess and impart on the following Day: For being both Adepts in Love, their warm Wishes were not allayed or intermingled with the Fears that attend virgin Sentiments, in the like Circumstances. They knew, or thought they

they knew, there was nothing in Nature to make them fear, or be any ways uneasy. But Mrs. *Van*, who viewed them in this happy State as the Devil did our first Parents in Paradise, unseen by them, dissolved their charming Reverie by a flow of Rhetorick more nervous and eloquent than is to be found at any Place, save the celebrated Forum in *Thames-Street*, which some vulgarly call *Billinggate*. After her first Fury, which was delivered in *Alt*, or a higher *Key*, she condescended to examine him upon Interrogatives, as thus; ‘ Is this the Jilt  
 ‘ that keeps you from your lawful  
 ‘ Wife? Have I deserved such Usage?  
 ‘ Is this a Treatment proper for a  
 ‘ Wife, that has had five Children by  
 ‘ you, besides Miscarriages? Have  
 ‘ you no Regard for your Soul? What  
 ‘ would you have said, if I had served  
 ‘ you so?’

The good Widow who did not dream of Mrs. *Van*’s Visit, seeing a  
 Fat



Fat blousy Woman with Black Hair and Black Linen, and a Countenance something *Ægyptian*, accost her intended Spouse in this Manner, was quite thunderstruck, at her Assurance. However, she recovered soon, and was going to return the Salutation, in kind. But lawful Wives are despotick Monarchs, of such absolute Sway, that few Pretenders have Resolution enough to stand before them: And Mrs. *Lackit*, with all her Vivacity and Sufficiency, was obliged to give Way, and turn with the Tide. For Mr. *Van*, whose Conscience pleaded guilty, melted at the moving Remonstrances of his Spouse; and giving her a welcome Kiss, told her he was glad to see her alive again; and shewed her the Letter that notified her Death. And to bring off the Widow, recounted the many Obligations he lay under to her, who had chosen him merely for his personal Qualifications; many of which she was still a Stranger to. This last,



last, Mrs. *Van* would hardly believe: For knowing how it had been with herself, she imagined that no Body else would be such Fools to refuse Drink when they were a-dry, or Victuals when they were hungry.

Mrs *Lackit*, who was a very good Schemer, seeing there was no Good to be done without Policy, took Advantage of the present Calm, and invited Mrs. *Van* to a small Repast, called in *China*, THEA; but in the Western Islands — Sugar and Water: Which would have been but a poor Repast indeed, if it had not came into Mrs. *Van*'s Head to ask for three or four Luncheons of Bread and Butter. For she had dined at a Village-Inn, where you may have any Thing — if you'll tarry a Week for it: But Mrs. *Van*'s Stomach nor Stay admitting of such a Delay, she was forced to put up with a Bit of Bacon and Cabbage, that was just ready, and drest for the Woman of the House,  
that

that had Lain-in about three Hours. A Dish our Traveller had no great Goût for; being pretty well cloyed with it, since the Receipt of her Father-in-law's Legacy.

The first Time Mr. *Van* left the Room, Mrs. *Lackit* followed him; sending in *Maria* to entertain his Wife; she now told him, that as his Spouse had been false to his Bed, and the Marriage Knot so fairly untied, she hoped he was not so mean-spirited, as to return and live with an Adulteress, loaded with Poverty, Want and Disgrace; but go a few Miles, and drop her, as she deserved; and come back himself to the *Hall*; where he should be free either to live with her as he did before, or otherwise; since their Marriage was thus unluckily impeded. She then pulled out her Purse with twenty Guineas, and desired he'd take that, for travelling Charges. This was so soon said, that she returned to Mrs. *Van* before she had missed her.

Mrs.

MR. JOHN VAN. 21

Mrs *Lackit* was very well pleased with her last Plot, and longed for the Time of their Departure, to ripen it into Execution.

C H A P. II.

*Mr. Van and his Lady take Leave of the Widow: He sends back her Horse, and another Person instead of himself: The Widow's Surprise: Her Recovery and Change: Robin's History and good Fortune.*

THE next Morning, Mr. *Van* and his Lady took a formal Farewel of Mrs. *Lackit*, giving Thanks for all Favours and so forth, 'till the Distance of Space put an End to the Ceremony. They now jogged on for the Place appointed by the Widow for their Separation, which was a small Market-Town, about twenty Miles off. But e'er they got half Way, Mr.  
*Van*

*Van* saw a Sign, with this Inscription  
at Top,

*Good Ale sold here.*

And underneath the following Triplet,

Make no Excuse,  
To taste of the Juice  
Of the Flower de Luce.

Now our Hero seldom passed by any of these good hospitable Houses without calling to enquire after the Welfare of their Families, for he was exceeding humane, but would certainly have deviated here, had not he met with this peremptory Message in Verse: besides, the Juice of the Flower de Luce was a Liquor he had never tasted. He always imagined that Flower had some special Virtue, by being the Cognisance of the King of *France*, but little dreamt before, that *Englishmen* made Wine of it. So alighting, before he hung his Horse to the Rails; contrary to the two Gentlemen in

*Joseph*

*Joseph Andrews*, who hung their Horses to the Rails and *then* alighted; he prevailed with his Wife to alight, also, and see his Brother Bard; whom he did not know but might be one of the top Men of the Time, by his Taste in *Lyrics*. By this Time the Landlord's Daughter, a Girl of eighteen, who was Clerk of the Parish, and had composed the Poetry on the Sign-post, appeared as Hostler, and told the Lady, 'She was sorry she 'did not come afore her was un-  
'lighted, to pull her Petticoats down,  
'and shew her the Upping-Stock.'  
Which was a Piece of an Elm Tree with the Bark on, and fifty Sprouts that had been lopped within two Inches of the Body, and three Notches cut in the Trunk for Steps.

This was a small Parish, consisting of no more than four Houses; and as no Body in it could read but the Clerk, so no body but her Mother could hew a piece of Timber; and this was her  
first



first Essay; therefore 'twas the less wonderful to see it something rude. After a little Turn, Mr. *Van* called for some of the Juice of the royal Luce; but found it only metaphorically so: The said Juice being no other than the Juice of Malt, and that of a very bad Sort. But bad as it was, they were forced to make the best on't, for they had no other. From this Place he sent Mrs. *Lackit* her Horse by the young Fellow that carried his Wife, and which she had lent our Hero, to bring him back again, and getting himself before his Spouse, resolved to perform the Vow he had made her in *Fenny Stanton* Church, some twelve Years before; tho' like many more, he had never thought of it since. A Thing, that most Men, and Women too, have a strange Propensity to forget. I wonder amongst all the merry and moral Medleys at the Print-Shops, we don't see *Something* collected from *Somewhere*, to put People more in  
mind

mind of their Duty, as nothing would sell better. the Wives Duty would be bought by the Husbands; and the Husbands be purchased by the Wives. Many a Man might speak to his Wife that way, that durst not speak to her otherwise; and \* *Vice Versa* many a Wife to her Husband.

Leaving Mr. *Van* and his Rib to pursue their Journey Northward, we shall return to the Widow; who hearing a Horse stop at the Door, ran to the Window in full Expectation of seeing him there; but how great was her Surprise — when instead of him, she saw no Body but the Man that came with his Wife! Various Agitations filled her Mind before she could come to the Speech of the *Squire*. A broken Bone or the Loss of Something, were the most prominent Images; but the Loss of him — was as far from her Thoughts as the Isle of *Wight* is from the *Black-Sea*. But when the young Man told her, that Mr. *Van* had sent back her Horse,

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C

with

\* On the Contrary.

with his Compliments, and was gone with his Wife to *Woody*, she despised him as a poor mean-spirited Fellow, that had not Courage enough to look a Lady in the Face ! And being herself a Woman of great Resolution, she bid the Messenger sit down, and tell her the History of this dastardly Fugitive. This he performed with so good a Grace, that like *Dido* at the Tale of *Æneas*, she found that *Cupid* had been present, tho' she saw him not. Whether he came in the Form of *Revenge*, *Curiosity* or *Love*, we have not yet heard ; but it's certain he had been there, and made the same Impressions on the Mind of Mrs. *Lac-kit*, as he had formerly done on the listening Queen. She thought *Robin* as pretty a Fellow as Mr. *Van* ; and tho' he was many sizes less, 'twas better to have a little Man, than no Man. And she just then remembered, a Proverb \* ——— very much in his Favour, and her own too. She then asked him,

\* Little Dogs have long Tails.

him, how he thought to get back again. Now this fortunate Person was born with sundry good Qualities, that seldom fail to constitute a great Man. Whether his Family was originally *English* or *Irish* we can't possibly assert, but he had a consummate Assurance; and told the Lady, he did not care whether he ever went back again or not, if she would be as kind a Benefactress to him, as she had been to Mr. *Van*; who in talking to his Wife had thrown out some Hints of great Significancy; and which this sagacious Person had collected and digested with great Purity and Judgment for the Use of himself. She was a little dashed at this Expression, as fearing Mr. *Van* had been base enough to betray her, as well as desert her. But on recovering herself, she asked him, what Service he could do for her. He answered with as much Brevity as a *Lacedemonian*, that, he could do every Thing for her——that a Man could do for a Woman.

She called him an impudent Fellow ; but ordered *Maria* at the same Time, to take him into the Buttery and fill his Belly. She did this to see if he would fasten on the Maid, by which she thought she should be able to form a Judgment whether his Service was particular to her, or meant to the whole Sex. But he was too cunning for that : His Designs were deep laid, and his Politicks of a shrewder Turn. He behaved in a free, but modest Manner ; suitable to Mrs. *Lackit's* Wishes ; who was all the while on the listen. She therefore took him upon Trial ; not as a Husband, Gallant, or Servant ; but under a Pretence that shortly she expected a Visit from a Gentleman in *Cambridgeshire*, who always travelled with a Coach and Six, and would have an Opportunity some way or other of carrying him Home. He was a genteel, well-made young Fellow, tho' not very tall ; about twenty-four Years of Age ; and had lived in a Gentleman's Family, in *Lincolnshire* ;  
who,



who, in respect to his Father, who had been his Tenant, took some care of his Education. But being prone to Ambition, he had said something to his young Mistress that came to his Master's Ear, and occasioned his Discharge. And being out of Place, and in Want of Employment, at his Uncle's in *St. Ives*; came along with Mrs. *Van*, because she could get no Body else. He had read much of the Effects of Love, and resolved, if possible, to make his Fortune by it. He had always lived out of Livery, and was now in very good Plight, saving his Pedestals; but the second Morning he went early to *Winchester*, where he fitted himself with Shoes and Buckles, and came back a *Beau*; and pretended to be Nephew to the very Man he had served.

What a noble Qualification is Ambition! without it——the honourable Serjeant *Kite* had never gained that glorious Halbert, so celebrated in

Dramatick Records; nor *Robin Aimwell*, our rich Widow. As none of the Servants, save *Maria*, knew who he was, he passed for Mrs. *Van*'s Brother; and as such was Parlour Guest. His useful Effrontery made him the Reverse of Mr. *Van*; being as forward in his Advances, as our Hero was backward; so that the Widow was forced to pass Muster before the Parson much sooner than she intended, in her own Defence. For tho' she was resolved to marry the first Man that would ask her the Question, in revenge to Mr. *Van*, she had some Pride, that kept her from being won at once; especially by a Stranger, that she knew nothing of. But such was the Activity of *Robin*, who feared the imaginary *Cambridge-shire* Gentleman should arrive and know him, or otherwise spoil his Market, that he kept no Terms when he had Opportunities for Hostilities, 'till he had tied her fast. He knew  
she

she did not marry for Money, because she had told him so; and her Estate was so settled, that a Husband could have but little Power over it without her Consent. So all Things concurring, he married her, to the Surprise of every Body. And to his immortal Honour I must say of him at prating, he makes her an exceeding good Husband; and is now, a worthy Neighbour, and a fine Gentleman.

## C H A P. III.

*The Usefulness of Learning : An Exercise for the Clergy : A sore Battle, in which one Half of the Horse are killed, and one Half of the Men run away.*

MR. Van and his Spouse, whom we left just mounted upon the double Horse (\* *Rectè*, the double-bearing Horse) rode on for their in-

C 4

tended

\* Rightly.

tended Latitude, on a direct semicircular Road, consisting of many Angles, and yet every one told them it was as straight as a Line; by which Mr. *Van* found there were crooked Lines as well as straight ones. They all told him he could not miss the Way; but to his Grief, he found the whole Country were Liars, for he missed his Way several Times. But what puzzled him most, was, to understand what they meant by Right-hand or left; for he found in several Persons they grew on several Sides. It would be of vast Service to Travellers, if the Parsons of every Parish would take a little Pains to teach the People under their Care, some sure and certain Method to know the dexter from the sinister Side. It would be of as much worldly Use as their Catechism, and stay longer with them, if equally inculcated. Now as some good-natured Pastors may from this Hint, be inclinable to execute so laudable a Purpose, and yet, for want of a Rule, be discouraged

discouraged from proceeding therein ; I shall make bold to exhibit for their Approbation, a Method so certain and free from Error, that I don't doubt of their universal Suffrage : There is scarcely a sucking Infant of three Years old to be found any where in the Country, but what knows the *off* Side of a Horse, from the *near* Side of a Mare. Therefore in every Parish, a *Scotch* Galloway or a *Welch* Hobby, should be provided by the Church-wardens, and kept at Grass in the Church-yard, for the Use of the Parson, to educate their Children with. Exercises must be frequent, at least twice a Day ; which won't be much to those pious Pastors, who never read Prayers on Working-days, because they are not Holy-days, so consequently prophane. And tho' there is something like an Oath to be taken somewhere, that they shall pray every Day, in their own Churches, or a borrowed one, what Force can it have upon People that are capable of *ab-*



*solving* themselves and every Body else? The ancient Method of teaching this useful Erudition, as laid down in *Plato's* Commonwealth, or some such Heathen Book, was for the Pupil to be set upon the Back of the holy Horse, with his Hands expanded, and questioned what Hand he held over the *Off-side*, and what over the *nether*; and so back again, for the Space of Half an Hour. He is then to transite, and be set with his Face to the Galloway's Tail (which in *Chaldee* they call *Arsy-verfy*; and is a Word of vast Significance) and questioned again in the same Manner, with as much Variation and dodging as is possible, for Half an Hour more; this repeated every Day except *Sundays*, for seven or eight Years together, will so habituate the Student to a right Way of Thinking, that it's fifty, ~~to~~ forty if ever he mistakes the one for the other afterwards.

These little Disappointments and Crosses, so incident to travelling, were the  
the

the only Remarkables they met with, 'till they came within a Mile of *Woody*, when they were overtaken by a jolly well-dressed Man, in a Bag-wig and a velvet Mask, who courteously intreated them to stop for a few Moments and breath their Horse. And to lighten his Load—desired they would instantly deposite in his Hands, what Money they had about them, and he would undertake to carry it for them, as safely as if it were his own. Mr. *Van* who had faced cannon Bullets, and had now his whole military Chest about him, told the Gentleman—— he was a Soldier, and would not be robbed. The Stranger then presented a Pistol, and swore if he did not deliver instantly, he would blow his Brains out. This being a hasty Summons, and something against the Rules of War, Mr. *Van* fixed his Eyes full upon the Highwayman's, and lifting up gently a strong oaken Stick he had in his Hand, but with a firm Gripe, he

he tipped the Pistol into the Air; and with the falling Stroke, would have fractured his Skull, if the Eye of his Horse had not been nimbler than his own, and avoided the Blow; Mr. *Van* immediately dismounted, by throwing his right Leg over his Horse's Neck, to take up the Pistol. During which, notwithstanding our Hero's Activity, the Highwayman fired another, that entered the Head of his Horse, and brought him to the Earth. But seeing Mr. *Van* in Possession of the loaded Pistol, and finding he had caught a *Tartar*, made off as fast as he could Gallop, and left the Field of Battle to the Conqueror. This was certainly a great Action; and I am sorry I can't call it a Victory; Horse being wanting to make the Pursuit: And this Corps was too heavy to follow on Foot. Yet maugre the Impediments aforesaid, the General had surely attempted it, if something almost as important and *big* had not diverted him from so daring

daring a Purpose; which was a Disaster that had befallen his Spouse, who together with the Horse were both supine, and in a Swoon; from which one of them never recovered. For alas! the Horse who had faced the Enemy with undaunted Courage, and bore the Brunt of the Battle, was now as dead as *Bucephalus*, the memorable Horse of *Alexander* the Great. But Mrs. *Van*—— who was less wounded, came to herself again; and assisted her Husband, like a good Yoke-fellow, in laying out the Horse. For the Bridle, Saddle and Pillion, had received no Damage, in the Engagement, and were as able to travel as ever. So, getting under the said surviving Accoutrements which had so lately been under them, they turned *Infantry*, and marched Post for *Woody*. A wonderful Example of the Vicissitude of worldly Grandeur!

After a small Stay here, Mrs. *Van* not liking the Place, nor the Place liking her, she went Home in the Stage-

Stage-Coach, to look after her little-Ones. As to our Hero himself, who had found by his Wife's Confession, and some scattered Hints, that her Conduct had not been the most amiable and regular; and that he was liable to be called upon for a Horse he had never borrowed, he resolved to see that *holy* Place no more; but return to *Goth-Hall*, and close with the Widow. But, according to his usual Method, he was so long in setting out (being loth to leave good Company) that the News of Mrs. *Lackit's* Wedding reached his Ears, before he could reach the Castle of that Lady.

This was a severe Mortification, and unhinged our Hero, who was mortally quite at a Loss where to go, or whither to turn himself. It was now the Eve of the *Spanish* War; when the whole Nation, weary of Peace, were for fooling and fighting, except Sir *Robert Walpole* and Mr. *Van*; who were the only Dissentients of any Eminence.

The



MR. JOHN VAN. 39

The Clamours of the Multitude being strong, and their Reasons weak, Mr. *Van*, who had now nothing else to do, wrote an expostulatory Epistle, in compliment to Sir *Robert's* Politicks, and his own; and sent it by the Post for his Approbation, before he put it to the Press. Whether it ever got thither, or whether the extraordinary Modesty of that exalted Personage, would not suffer it to be published, we can't ascertain. But Mr. *Van* never heard of it more.

CHAP.

## C H A P. IV.

*Mr. Van turns Tradesman again; and settles at Gotham: Is assailed by the Law: Finds Friends——but very false Ones: Becomes the Tool of a Party.*

WHILST this scribbling Fit was upon our Hero, he wrote a little merry Narration in Rhime, of a comical Tranfaction of which himself was one of the principal Performers; called a *New System of Rural Politicks*; which sold pretty well. This Encouragement made him like the Company of the Muses more than ever he had done before. He had little taste for Flattery, and no Success; so he stuck to his Talent, which was rather Satyrical than otherwise; the only kind of Writing a Man can hope to mend the Age by; neither Precept nor Panegyrick being half so efficacious. But that, like every other Mode,

Mode, may be carried too far; especially if we touch Particulars. Few Folks care to be told of their Faults: *Witness* the Arch-bishop of *Grenada*, and his Secretary *Gil Blas*. But by this sort of Writing, he got more Enemies than Friends, as most Sati-rists do: For the Generality think themselves lashed in the Person of their Neighbour; as they can find the very identical Crimes at Home, by looking into themselves. So being in Disgust, he grew weary of *Woody*: And consulting with a Friend that had formerly been a Tradesman in *London*, he was advised to close with an Overture made him by his Sister, for his *Remainder* in her Mother's Estate; and with the Issues thereof, enter into Trade again. He had been bred a Cheesemonger, and knew the Bottom of that Business; and might thrive as a Factor, if he did nothing for himself. This Project, after being a Soldier, a Gentleman, and a Poet, stuck in Mr.

*Van's*

*Van's* Stomach for want of a Precedent. But the Parson of the Parish, drawing out, \* *Neceffitas non habet Legem*; he fwallowed the Propofal, compleated the Contract, and transported himfelf into a Cheefe Country, with all poffible Expedition, where he purchafed a Woman's Life in a little Houfe; fent for his Family, and refolved to turn OEconomift. He had fome Conflict about his Wife; but as it was in a ftrange Place where her Faults were a Secret, and as he could not well do without her, he refolved to forget and forgive what was paff, and try her again. His Friend at *Woody*, who promifed to write to his Correspondents in *London* in his Behalf, was as good as his Word; but as moft of them were pre-engaged for Factorage, and well ferved, Mr. *Van* had but few Commiffions, fo he thought it no bad Expedient to open a retail Shop, for Cheefe, Butter, Lard, and Bacon; which answered his Purpofe

\* Neceffity has no Law.

pose very well ; there being none other at the Place, in that way of Business. But unluckily for our Hero, it proved a Corporation Town ; the Freedom of which was valued at twenty Pounds, besides *another*, to the Officers, for Fees. In consequence of which, the Mace-bearer, who is the Mouth of the Mayor, came to tell him, he must take up his Freedom, or shut up his Shop. This Message being delivered with a very peremptory Air, to shew the Importance of the Messenger, had like to have cost him a Kicking ; but the Fellow's abrupt Departure prevented the Execution of Mr. *Van's* Resolution. However, without any Regard to the Dignity of his Function, he called after him in the Key of a speaking Trumpet, or something louder, and bid him tell his Master the —— he might kiss his —— ! His Passion hurried him here, a little beyond his usual good Breeding ; but we hope the Greatness of the Provocation will ballance the Breach.

He



He lived in his own House and sold nothing but Edibles, a sort of Merchandize encouraged by all the World, save the narrow-souled Mortals that live in Corporations; who would sooner starve than recede from their Privileges. When our Hero's Answer was delivered to the M——, the Mace-bearer took care to lard it with a little Aggravation to gratify his own Revenge: This set the Ruler on Fire, and made him vow and vomit Vengeance 'till he was black in the Face. The Town-clerk was sent for, and a Writ ordered for the Cheesemonger; a Copy of which was soon presented; and a long Declaration at the *Return*, brought, for his following Trade in the Borough of *Gotham*, not being a Freeman thereof. Now the Borough of *Gotham*, like most other Boroughs, was divided in Hypocrisy, and made two Parties; the People of *Power* called themselves the *High Party*, as in right Reason they ought to do; and those that had no *Power* (tho' the greatest

greatest Property) were stiled the *Low Party*, from their groveling Principles, who were always in Opposition to the other, and lay upon the Watch on purpose to circumvent them. Mr. *Van's* Affair was not long a Secret to them; they hugged themselves to hear of it; well knowing it would be productive of Mischief. As they were Strangers to his Magnanimity, and afraid he should flag, they dispatched *Polypheme*, their Mercury, to let him know, he should be supported against the Corporation, as far as a hundred Pounds would go; and on the Junction of their Interest, he should be *entitled* to the Custom of the whole Clan. This pleased our Hero mightily; and made him think, he was now acquainted with the best People in the World. He had often wondered what Corner of the Universe the honest Men had crowded themselves into; and was greatly rejoiced to find them at *Gotham*. He went  
nightly

nightly to their Clubs, and daily to their Meetings; and was almost become a Profelyte to their Schism. Every one of them careffed him in a peculiar Manner, and seemed emulous who should oblige him most; his Heroism at *Preston* was mentioned with the grossest Adulation! They called him their Champion, Protector, and good Genius. So much *affected* good-nature (for it was no more) so captivated the poor deluded Gentleman, that he took their Professions for very Gospel; defended their Principles, and asserted their Honesty with much Warmth and Assurance, against any Person that dared to attack their Integrity with a Doubt. But *Time*, that opens every Thing, brought their dark Side to his View, and made him see the cloven Foot that set their Machinations a moving: But before that happened, Mr. *Van* was thirteen Pounds out of Pocket, and no Body else a single Fathing. He was now advised  
to

to get a Copy of their Charter, which it was presumed might be had for about fifteen Guineas; but this being a considerable Sum with our new Tradesman, it brought to his Mind the Subscription they had formerly offered, to alleviate the Expence. Pursuant to which, an Instrument had also been drawn, but lay unexecuted: And being now upon the Point of pressing them to sign it, his Conscience, or Honour, or something else, pushed him back, and told him it was rude to distrust the Generosity of so many rich Men, for such a Trifle as a Guinea a Piece. Thus the Subscription, a thing very much talked of, remained only *super-scribed*. But the Lawyer, who pretended to know them better than his Client, insisted on their being *tyed fast*: lest, according to ancient Usage, they should *slip their Necks out of the Collar*. And indeed he was much in the right of it; for neither their Words nor their Bonds were worth a  
Wyth

Wyth of Willow, the original Halter of the ancient *Britons*. So the said Instrument was brought by our Hero to the Club at the Sign of the *unlucky Angel*, within the Gate; vulgarly called the *Devil Tavern*; where the Fraternity met every Night to spend their four Pence a piece, and settle the Affairs of the Nation. They seemed to be in a very good Humour, and touched frequently on the Merit of Mr. *Van*; which made him think it no unseasonable Time to exhibit his Instrument: But one of them calling out for a Story, and our Hero having one at hand that was *Apropos*, he deferred the *Subscription*, and told them the following authentick Tale:

A Miser at the point of Death, began for the first Time, to think of another World. This being known in Hell, a Legate from thence, was sent to take care of his Soul; and strictly charged, to guard him closely, for fear of Repentance.

This



This was performed with great Ability by continually whispering in his Ear —— he would not die these seven Years. Having confirmed him in this Belief, the infernal Guardian thought his Work done, and stole aside, to take a Nap. In the mean time comes the Parson of the Parish, as great a Miser as himself, and seeing he was not likely to make any more Interest of his Money, persuaded him to leave it to charitable Uses, and make him Executor. The Miser, whose Hopes of Heaven were placed in a certain saving *Saying* —— That Charity covers a Multitude of Sins, and intending to make *that* his last Retreat, desired a Fellow at next Door, that made Wills cheap, might be called, instantly, and set to Work. But e'er the Executor was named, a special Messenger from *Pluto* arrived, to suffer the dormant Devil to attend the Council, and give an Account of his Services. He had but just time to whisper the Miser, and flew away

to Hell. At his Arrival there, the whole Republick gave him over for lost. They expected his Damnation in some filthy Corner for a thousand Years, at least : But he soon disappointed their Fears, by letting the Emperor know, that notwithstanding the Miser himself was prevented coming thither, he had cultivated the Business of his Imperial Smuttiness much better, by whispering the dying Man, to place the Trust in the Mayor and Aldermen. For now, says he, we are not only sure of *them*, but of their Successors, also, for ever. This occasioned so general a Laughter, that Mr. *Van* concluded no Time could be more proper to present the Paper to their View ; which, with a good deal of Confusion, he prevailed upon his own Modesty at length to accomplish. But his Confusion was little, compared to that of the Company : They were struck dumb, in a Minute. To touch the Pockets of some Men, is like wounding a Nerve, that communicates

cates the Sense to the Brain in an Instant. They were stabbed to the Heart! All dead and motionless! Yet these very Men, had some of them promised to be five Guineas, others six, and the *Great Man* of all twenty Pounds; tho' he never was a Farthing. Nay, a certain North-Country Doctor bragged he would be fifty Guineas; which in the End amounted exactly to the same *No Sum*.

This general Silence threw Mr. *Van* into a Consternation, easier to be conceived than described. You might have felled him with a Fescue. At length he recovered himself, and made the following Harangue:

GENTLEMEN,

‘ I am sorry for the inadvertent  
 ‘ Step I have taken in the bringing  
 ‘ this Writing hither. It was entirely  
 ‘ against my Judgment and Will.  
 ‘ Mr. *Goodman* the Attorney drew it

‘ in consequence of your generous  
‘ Proposals the last time he was con-  
‘ sulted. And as it was drawn, and  
‘ must be paid for, I thought I might  
‘ as well shew it to my Friends, that  
‘ they might approve or reject it.  
‘ But since it has given this universal  
‘ Umbrage, I am grieved to the  
‘ greatest Degree, to think I should  
‘ be guilty of such a Solecism in good  
‘ Manners, as to suspect the *Honour*  
‘ and *Conscience* of so many wealthy,  
‘ *worthy* Persons! But, as it is done,  
‘ and cannot be recalled, I can only  
‘ reform my Error by asking Pardon,  
‘ and burning the Paper.’ And taking  
it from the Table, was going to anni-  
hilate it instantly.

Great and sudden Dangers have  
made the Dumb to speak. *Atys*, the  
tongue-tied Son of King *Cræsus*, never  
spoke a Word in his Life, ’till he saw  
a Soldier lift up his Sword to kill his  
Father. And *Ægles*, at the *Olympick*  
Games, was so agitated at the Deceit  
he espied in one of the Wrestlers, that  
it

it broke the Bridles of his Tongue, and made him loquacious to his dying Day. Just so it happened in this silent Assembly: For *Solomon Skinflint*, who never lost any Thing in his Life, not even the Drippings of his Nose; seeing a large Sheet of Paper that would hold three or four Pair of Hose, going to be wasted, called out, like the Son of King *Cræsus*, for our Hero to hold his Hand; and the rest of the Company being of the same saving Strain, joined in Chorus, to obtain a Reprieve. This gives us a fresh Opportunity of shewing the good Nature of this injured Gentleman; who consented to their Solicitations, and saved the Paper; whose Destiny was not to be burnt, but worn and torn to Pieces, in a Pocket.

But now, to see the Caprice of some Sort of People! As Mr. *Van's* Harangue took no Notice of his want of Money, they thought the *signing* of this great Piece of Paper would cost them nothing but a little Labour;



and might be of use, to keep him in Countenance, and frighten the Corporation, by seeing so many Coadjutors. So they were now, as forward for signing, as they were backward before. But alas! This Expedient was a stale and exploded Artifice, that their Enemies had seen them play twenty times; so minded it not, well knowing, they would as soon part with their Teeth as their Money, upon any Occasion. But when they came to handle the Pen, and sign indeed, another Obstacle arose, who should sign first. Says one, it would look presumptuous in me, to begin; and it would be an Affront to the *Great Man* says another, to sign before him. And the *Great Man* was afraid of affronting the Parson, who was out of Town. And another would have it presented to Squire *Senex*; and another to the Lord—knows who. In short, every Body was ready, but no Body would begin. So the first Promoter put it in his Pocket, and said he would shew

shew it to *Arius*, the next Day. But never was Ball so bandied as this poor Paper. *Arius* was like the Squire, and the Squire like the Knight, and the Knight like the Knave. No Body would stand at the Head of a List that was to pay Money and receive none. Notwithstanding these Delays——sanguine Promises, that cost the Givers nothing at all, were still bestowed by Dozens. ‘It only rests upon a Punctilio—The Brotherhood are Bashful—It will be done by and by—They can’t do without you.’ Such were their Speeches, to amuse our Hero, and candy their Refusal. As some of the antient Law-givers instituted Sports and Pastimes for the common People, to alleviate their Labour, and prevent them from thinking too deeply of their Condition; these designing People, lest Mr. *Van* should have Time to think, and weigh their Unwillingness, employed him to write the following Heroic Poem.

D 4

When

**W**HEN Treason rampant first grew high,  
 And Rogues rebell'd they knew not why;  
 And *Scottish* Lairds forsook their Dwelling,  
 To ride abroad a Colonelling :  
 Say, Muse, what hellish Indignation  
 Could move a Midland Co——n,  
 By no *Religious* Motives sway'd,  
 The Rights of Sovereigns to invade :  
 To leave their Shambles, Shops and Awls,  
 Their Forges, Stöcking Frames, and Stalls,  
 And other dirty Hovels, lurking,  
 To come Abroad and set up *Perkin*.

The rude, o'er-cred'lous Faction bold,  
 Of *Perkin's* Virtues had been told ;  
 His Valour, Wisdom, Reformation ;  
 And wond'rous Kindness for the Nation ;  
 How he'd renounced the *Romish* Faith,  
 And all the Errors that it hath ;  
 And for the *High Church* now would strive  
 As much as any P—— alive :  
 And understanding he'd some Force  
 At *Preston*-proud, of Foot and Horse,  
 That might the loyal Party quell,  
 They nick'd the Season to R—— :  
 And by a solemn Proclamation  
 Declar'd P—— *Perkin's* Restauration.

But

But *Preston*-Business going wrong,  
 The \* \* \* \* chang'd their Song ;  
 And from an open, daring Act,  
 Their Horns within their Shells retract,  
 And disavow the well-known Fact. }  
 Laying it on the lower Rout,  
 To save themselves a Hanging-Bout.  
 So *Tyburn*, which had groan'd amain,  
 Was forced to groan and groan again, }  
 And groan, alas ! at last in vain.  
 For when they found the *Macs* to falter,  
 They wisely slipp'd the well-fill'd Halter.  
 But ev'ry foll'wing Tenth of *June* ;  
 They still reviv'd their fav'rite Tune ;  
 Drank *Healts*, and open T \* \* spoke ;  
 And pointless Jests on *Brunswick* broke.  
 White Roscs wore, and sung amain,  
*The King enjoys his own again.*  
 The common anniversary Rites  
 Observed by all the J———— :  
 Well hoping *some* kind Tenth of *June*,  
 Will make them merry to *some* Tune,  
 And charm their Idol o'er the Waves,  
 To crown the Mirth of Fools and Knaves.

Thus *Indians*, at the Moon's Eclipse,  
 Sing, drum, and dance in antick Leaps ;

In Hopes to ease her fancy'd Pain,  
 And bring her to themselves again.  
 With like Devotion both address,  
 But meet not both with like Success.  
 The *Indians* yell — their Moon is seen;  
 The T \* \* plot — and get — the Spleen.

But rowling Snow-balls gather Snow;  
 And swell the more, the more they go.  
 So *they*, in sev'ral Years had got,  
 Materials ready for a P — :  
 Which, by a new and awkward Way,  
 Crawl'd out unfledg'd, and came in play:  
 Not in the former publick Manner,  
 When T \* \* stalk'd beneath a Banner;

A. D. 1737.

But by a Set of Declarations,  
 Stuck upon Walls *like* Proclamations,  
 Which, spight of Law and Truth, averr'd  
 Their Tool to be K — J — the Third.  
 And that true Churchmen should no more  
 Acknowledge G —, but *him* restore;  
 Who was the Nation's natural P —  
 In Eighty-eight, and ever since.  
 Which, being publish'd in the Night,  
 By Devils, who abhor the Light,  
 Was at th' Approach of Morning found,  
 In all the public Places round.

But



But much against their Expectation,  
 Instead of meeting Approbation,  
 It met a general Detestation.  
 And they were glad to sink away,  
 Before the rise of brighter Day;  
 (For Fiends in Sun-shine cannot stay)  
 And their Inducements to rebel  
 Went headlong with themselves to Hell,  
 And only loyal Subjects rose,  
 The hellish System to oppose;  
 And by *Express* immediate sent  
 The State a Brief of their Intent.

The *Prætor* then who bore the Rule,  
 Was P \* \* 's most especial Tool:  
 A groveling Wretch — but newly sprung  
 Like Pumpkins, by the Force of Dung,  
 To be a busy, partial Wight,  
 And furious plotting J———;  
 Whose down-cast Looks do still evince  
 His guilty Conscience ever since:  
 At length — Afs-like, with solemn Crawl,  
 Reluctant left his peddling Stall,  
 And took his sleeping Place i'th' Hall.  
 And calling round — his fellow Fools,  
 Th' assur'd, implicit, Mock-King's Tools,  
 Began a gloomy, dull Haranging,  
 As dull as Felon's going to hanging;

In.

In which he told him his Surprize,  
 To see no greater Number rise :  
 And that ——— they must invent a Way  
 To clear themselves, without Delay.  
 For if, said he, we're tardy found,  
 An Inch will be sufficient Ground  
 To rest an *Ell* of Accusation,  
 Against so *High* a C———.   
 And thinking we deserve no Quarter,  
 The Court may take away our Charter.

When this the Humble-Bee had said,  
 He held his Tongue and scratch'd his Head, }  
 And looked as blue and dull as Lead.

The next redoubled Sage that spoke,  
 Th' affrighted Air with *Bullying* broke !  
 Much fam'd for speaking loud and big,  
 And murdering of a new-born Pig ;  
 Which Nature made in Haste perhaps,  
 Since there was one more Pig than Paps :  
 And lest it should be starv'd to Death,  
 The Wizard stopp'd it's Infant Breath,  
 Between two Pillows and his Power,  
 As Princes whilom in the Tower ;  
 Who said (with more than usual Ire)  
 I will be doom'd to Hell's hot Fire,  
 And feed on Brimstone ever more,  
 If *this* be laid at our Door.

We'll

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We'll swear point blank thro' thick and thin }  
 (For it can never be a Sin, }  
 When Presbyterians are to win)  
 Before the Rogues shall vaunting stand,  
 And have of us the upper Hand.  
 Can't we stubborn, or terrify  
 Great Numbers into Perjury?  
 Put wrong Constructions on the Laws,  
 To serve the C———'s Cause?  
 As by Prescription we have done,  
 For several Ages past and gone?  
 And shall such ancient Customs vary,  
 Now we're perplex'd with this Quandary?  
 No, no! if you intend to finish,  
 With Zeal enlarge, but ne'er diminish.  
 Lay it on *them*, and swear the P—— }  
 Was by the Whigs themselves begot, }  
 To make the Tories go to Pot.

This impious Scheme, and wild Oration,  
 Applauded was with Approbation,  
 By all the other nonpluss'd Drones,  
 Who sat before as dull as Stones.  
 And having now lost all their Fears,  
 They prick'd once more their Asses Ears,  
 And gave a general joyful Shout,  
 To find their Safeties out of Doubt.

The

The next great Business was to find  
An evil Agent, to their Mind ;  
Some hellish, human Instrument,  
To put in Action their Intent.  
But *Satan* ——— when the Witch commands,  
Obsequious at her Elbow stands.  
So they'd an Imp ——— well pac'd in Evil,  
That would out-lie and swear the Devil :  
Who swore downright at any Rate,  
What e'er the P \* \* could dictate.  
'Till they had got a Pack of Stuff  
To charge the Whigs with ——— black enough.  
For he depos'd ——— he saw a *Party*,  
That was among the Whigs most hearty,  
Stick up, at Twelve a Clock at Night,  
The Libel black ——— by *Lanthorn Light* :  
And that, he had been told by *One*,  
That had been told by *Taylor-John*,  
That *One* unknown, had found besh—tten,  
In his Backside the Draught foul written.  
With this and other dirty Matter,  
Compounded purely to bespatter,  
They try'd on *Them* to turn the Tables,  
And make the main appear as Fables ;  
Invented by malicious Brains,  
To bring the Tories into Chains ;  
To feel the Pow'r of *Quo Warranto's*,  
And Loss of Mace and scarlet Manteaus.  
Dispatches

Dispatches by Express were sent,  
 To pacify the Government :  
 A Composition new and strange,  
 To let them see — the *Ethiop's* Change ;  
 Beat up with Sugar, Eggs and Cream,  
 To make the Sweetmeat Loyal seem ;  
 But they were thrown away in Waste,  
 For it had still a bitter Taste.  
 And was — as honest Men expected,  
 No sooner smelt on — than rejected.

Not overcome, tho' vanquish'd here ;  
 And willing *Some* should think 'em clear ;  
 To other Methods had recourse,  
 And made the Matter ten times worse :  
 To Falsehood, Truth was sacrific'd,  
 And many Legends advertis'd.

Just as Mr. *Van's* Muse had brought  
 him to this Place, his Reason got the  
 Ascendant of his good Nature, and  
 shewed him the Meanness of the  
 People's Souls he was concerned with.  
 On which, he resolved to stop his  
 Hand, and look Homewards ; and  
 not to be the Tool of a Party that had  
 not the Heart of a Humble-Bee.  
 Pursuant



Pursuant to which, he left going to their Club ; and got a Friend to make Overtures to the Corporation, to accommodate.

This gave them a shrewd Alarm ; their Plot was like a twinkling Snuff, just going out. And they were afraid of having it told in *Gath*, and published in *Ascalon*. So a fresh Council was called, and the signing of the Instrument resolved on. The first Seducer was the first Signer ; and five others followed the Fallacy directly.

CHAP.

## C H A P. V.

*Mr. Van goes to Council: The Benefits he received thereby: Mr. Bigbelly's Integrity: A Piece of Mufick, without Notes, by Mr. Van: Indicted for Discord: Siezed by two Savages: The singular Modesty of a certain sad Dog: A Lesson for the Men of Letters.*

THE important *Writing* in the last Chapter, being executed, it was brought the next Day to Mr. *Van*; and all kinds of Arguments used to make him persevere in his Opposition to the Corporation, from whom as yet he had received no Answer, and had some Reason to believe he never should; which made him listen once more to these *Hyenas*. But when he objected to the Fewness of the *Hands*, it was told him——Mr. *Bigbelly* was a little dubious, and insisted on Counsellor *Somebody's* Opinion, before

before he set his Hand ; and that, once had, as Mr. *Bigbelly* was a leading Man, the whole Society would follow of course. This seemed so feasible, that Mr. *Van* got the Case drawn up, and laid before the Counsellor for his Opinion ; which altogether cost him no more than one Pound nineteen Shillings, and four Pence ; and as it proved in his Favour, 'twas cheap enough : Especially, as it was to obtain such a general Concession. But notwithstanding the Money was so well laid out, and the Cause so clear, Mr. *Bigbelly* —— *hesitated* still. He pretended then, that being a Window-Peeper, &c. he did not know how far it might affect him in his ministerial Capacity ; but promised—upon the Wo—Wo—Wo—Word of an honest Man and Cuckold, who from the Merits of his Wife had Hope in Heaven, he would contribute his Guinea ; notwithstanding he forbore to set his Hand to the *Writing*. This was the seventh Guinea ; and amounted to almost

almost half the Costs. But under the Ambage of this Fugitive the rest of the Rout sheltered their Gold: For as he refused to sign, who was to lead the Multitude, *they* strictly stuck to the Letter of their Promise, and had no farther Hand in the Plot.

Finding Matters so muddy, Mr. *Van* grew quite sick of their Friendship, but resolved to keep Terms with them as long as possible, and get into his Hands the Sums subscribed, and otherwise engaged; but this last proved a knotty Business. He constrained himself to call on them time after time for some Years (the Suit being dropped by the Plaintiffs) but all to no Purpose: Mr. *Bigbelly* in his *old Tone* vowed over and over upon the *Wo—Wo—Wo—Word* of a Christian, he never *intended* to be one Farthing. Mr. *Hubble-bubble* the Brewer (tho' a Subscriber) said and persisted in the same to the Day of his Death. And the rest, saving one, sung or said the same doleful Ditty to the End of the Chapter :

ter : So that Mr. *Van* was forced to take *Phyſick* of one, *dear* Linen of another, and good Words of the Reſidue, to hedge in the Mole-hill of this mountainous Subscription.

In the mean Time Mr. *Van* was in a thriving Way ; his Trade encreaſed every Year, and he began to be reckoned a ſubſtantial Shopkeeper, notwithſtanding the Ill-nature of the Corporation-People, who thwarted him all they could, and were ſo impudent as to call Customers out of his Shop, and enjoin them not to deal with a Perſon that reſuſed to buy his Freedom ; which with the ignorant Gothamites, is equal to Atheiſm or Preſbytery. *One*, whoſe temporary Power was declining to his original Nothingneſs, was more ſpiteful than all the reſt, and cauſed Mr. *Van* to be ſued ſix times for reſuſing the great Honour of the Burgerſhip. And tho' the Daſtards did not dare to bring their Actions to a Trial, the Litigation and Defence was Expenſive to our Hero ;



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Hero; and provoked his Genius to remember the Promoter in the following Manner.

On the expiring HONOUR of *Alderman SPITEFUL.*

*Sic transit Gloria Mundi.*

*When haughty Men are mounted high,  
They scorn the Means they mounted by.*

FROM Glories that shine not, and Poms of  
the World,

A Man of *Small* Honour by *Time* is down  
hurl'd ;

From a Joint-stool of Justice to sit on a Cricket ;

From perching in Publick, to hide in a Thicket ;

From being a \*Gentleman, Justice, and M—,

To sell like a paultry Pedlar, *Hard-ware* ;

O *Juno* ! whence comes this strange Change  
to our Hero ?

Say, *Juno*, we pray——that the Truth may  
appear O !

The Wretches Impiety loudly declare,

That Mortals forewarned may from thence-  
forth take Care.

The

\* Gentleman is a Title assumed and wrote after the Names of Tradesmen, during the Time they are Justices in a Corporation.

70 THE LIFE OF

The Goddess that gives Domination and  
Power,

Tremendous thus spoke from her heavenly  
Bower :

The Tool that you mention, a Nufance was  
grown

To every Tribe upon Earth, but his own.

Tyrannick in Power, triumphant in Ill,

He trampled on Reason, and govern'd by Will.

\* Ungrateful — to those by whose Beams he  
had sprung,

From Obscurity, Slavery — even from Dung!

Whose Parallel only in Ivy is found,

That frequently murders the Tree it runs  
round,

Tho' it rears it and keeps its weak Arms  
from the Ground.

By Artifice shameful he stole Reputation,

And shone in the Shade — of a dull C — ;

Whose Indolence let him step up to the Chair,

And (for want of a worser to fill it) be M — ,

Where, ignorant, arrogant, bigotted Spight,

Conspired to make him an eminent Wight ;

To

\* His Father was a Stable-Boy to Baron C----'s Father,  
who put him to a Trade, and thereby laid the first Stone of the  
Son's Grandeur, which to requite, he always voted against him  
whenever he stood for a Burgess to represent the C----- in  
P-----t.

To lord it with Impudence over his Betters,  
And read them Law-lectures, that did not know  
Letters ;

To torture those Laws for to serve his Bye-ends ;  
And crucify those that would not be his  
Friends :

To banish *Astrea*, that Goddeſs ſo fair,  
For the grinning old Hag whoſe Head has  
no Hair,  
But Millions of Serpents — that hiſs and  
curl there ;

Whoſe Influence help'd him to patch up the  
Plot ;

Then judge if his Fall — be untimely or not.

This irritated the quondam Magiſtrate's Revenge, and as he had ſeveral Relations in the Adminiſtration, they reſolved to indict the Author at the Affizes for a Libel, by virtue of a pretended Power called *Innuendo*, the moſt uncertain and arbitrary of any in the World. Accordingly themſelves being always the G—— J—— (a ſhameful Cuſtom in C——s) they can find Bills for what they pleaſe, within the Law or without, and equally embarraſs the Defendant ; who in ſuch  
Caſes

Cases is obliged to clear himself, and at his own Expence. For Indictments being at the Suit of the King, (who pays no Costs) a Man is little the better for being acquitted, since his Pocket must pay for the Evidence of his Innocency. This was our Cheesemonger's Case, they found a Bill against him for Libelling on *Saturday* Night, and on the Morrow got the J—— Warrant to make him enter into Recognizance to appear at the next A—. Accordingly, two Constables, tho' it was *Sunday*, and late in the Night, came to arrest him; and being denied Entrance, broke open the Door, and did their Office, Mr. *Van* making no Resistance; and would have let them in, without the Storm of his Castle, had not the only honest Man in the Town apprized him but half an Hour before, of their intended Mischief, and advised him to let them do as they did; well knowing it contrary to an \* Act of Parliament, that prohibits

\* 29th Ch. II. Chap. 7.

hibits any such Process as that, to be served on a *Sunday*. And another that forbids the breaking open of any Man's House, unless for Treason, Felony or Breach of the Peace. But so lawless were the Fautors, and so active their Malice, that they regarded Acts of Parliament no more than they did Civility, or common Humanity, which they had no notion of; when their favourite *Freedom* was in question. The Town was in an Uproar presently; every one being glad to see the grand Enemy of the C—— hobbled at last. One of the Constables who had been whipped out of a marching Regiment, and now kept an ordinary Ale-house, took the Prisoner to his Cabbin, and there detained him all Night; not suffering him to go to Bed; nor any friendly Acquaintance to go near him; not even his Attorney, for a great While. And had the Impudence to intercept and open every Letter that came to him, from his Council, his Wife and all other Per-



sons. Four Fellows were hired to guard him, at half a Crown a Man; upon a Presumption he would be obliged to pay them. Who being *Freemen*, and ignorant, rascally Fellows, insulted him in the vilest manner. No Highwayman or House-breaker could be treated worse, continually taunting and teasing him with respect to his past or present Condition. They called for Drink as if the Devil was in them; and the Landlord and his Wife scored with both Hands, as part of his Punishment, not dreaming but the Debt would lie at his Door; but they found themselves strangely mistaken, in both Reckonings.

Mr. *Van*, according to the Tenor of the Warrant, insisted on being taken before the J—— who granted it, immediately after the Caption, and repeated the same very early in the Morning, but they knew it would answer better to make a Shew of him, and for that Purpose kept him 'till two a Clock in the Afternoon; by which time,

MR. JOHN VAN. 75

time, the Concourse of People that came to see him, had quite emptied the Cellar, and put more Money in the Landlord's Pocket than he had seen for seven Years before. During this Interval Mr. *Van* sent for his pretended Friends, but none of them would come near him. Mr. *Bigbelly* had not Breath enough to walk so far, being upwards of forty Yards; Mr. *Strong* was lame of the Gout; *Polypheme* was afraid of his odd Eye; and every one else had their several Excuses. At last he thought of the Doctor, who a few Minutes before his Confinement had generously offered to subscribe fifty Guineas towards the Demolition of the reigning Ruler: But alas! It was \* *Tempora Mutantur*. He ordered the Messenger to say, he was not at home: And meeting another simple Fellow of some small Fortune, that had formerly received many Favours of Mr. *Van*, and had now

E 2

Good-

\* Times are changed.

Goodness enough of Heart to make him an offer of his Service by way of Retaliation; he stopped him, and raised so many frightful Ideas in the honest weak Mind of the Man, that he never came near his Benefactor, 'till he wanted another good Dinner, a Fortnight after, and revealed with Contrition the monstrous Treachery of the Man-midwife. Whilst this was doing, the Person that thought himself libelled, had the Impudence to go to the J——, and tell him he should insist upon ten thousand Pounds Bail; thinking thereby to send our Hero to Gaol for want of Sureties. For ten thousand Pounds is a Sum that few Folks would care to be answerable for, even for a Brother, or a Father. But the good J——, notwithstanding he's so much celebrated for his Equanimity, was a little moved at the Audacity of the rude Fellow that dared to direct him, and said, he should do what was Lawful and Right. But this Check  
had

had so little effect upon him, that when Mr. *Van* went to be bailed, he had the Assurance to obtrude his rueful Phiz on him again, to except to the Bail, because he did not know them (a most wise and substantial Reason) but the good J—— soon let him know, that he had no Power to do any such Thing; and forced him to leave the Room, *Re infecta*; which in *English* is *black in the Face*.

And here I have room to tell my Readers, that whenever I have made a motley Language of it, and mixed *hard* Words with *English*, I have hitherto, and always shall, put the Interpretation of them at the Bottom of the Page, if they are not construed in the Text. And if every Writer would do the same, they would be more generally understood. For where one Reader understands *Latin*, there's a hundred that knows nothing of the Matter; and yet may know their Mother Tongue well enough to un-

derstand any thing that's written in it: Especially if they have the Help of an *English* Expofitor; which no Reader ignorant of *Latin* ought to be without. And if they are poor, and can go but to a fmall Expence, I would recommend *Cole* to them, if they can get him; who of all the Dictionaries I have feen of the Kind, tho' many had him to follow, remains paramount for good Senfe and Inſtruction. In-Indeed, he does not deſcend like *Martin*, to the explanation of *Sure*, *Suck*, *Such*, *Sue*, *Suet*, *Suffer*, *Name*, *Nail*, *Nature*, *Naked*, *Narrow*, *Nice*, *Nafty*, *Naught*, *Navel*, *Need*, *Never*, *Nettle*, and a thouſand ſuch Words, as Children of four Years old can tell us the Meaning of: But every Word that wants Explication is there to be found. You have alſo there the true way of ſpelling *English*: By which Standard or ſome ſuch another, all Compoſitors ſhould regulate their future Conduct, for ever. And not  
maim



maim our Language as they do at this Day, by leaving out Letters in many Words, and making them perfect *Latin*: as the *U* in *Labour*, *Rigour*, *Vigour*, and a great Number more in the Life of *Socrates*; or else reducing them to Nonsense, as in these Verbs, *Lack*, *Lick*, *Lock*, *Suck*, *Sack*, *Stock*, and many more, by striking off the *K*; since in the Participle they will be *laced* instead of *lacked*; *liced* instead of *licked*; *loced* instead of *locked*; *juiced*, instead of *sucked*; *saced* instead of *sacked*; *stoced* instead of *stocked*: and in *Luck* by leaving out the *k*, the Adjective will be *Lucy*, instead of *Lucky*. About seventy Years ago, Mr. *Dryden* with great Pains and Ingenuity brought the *English* Language to Perfection; and on that Model, it rested 'till lately; but ought to have rested there, for ever. Our Language ought to be sacred and unalterable, like the *Median* Laws. For if we admit of Innovations, we shall soon

run into Confusion; and write as many different Ways as we did in the Days of *Henry the VIII*, when the Word *Iron*, was spelt *Iron*, *Iorn*, *Iorne*, *Iourn*, *Irone*, *Yron*, *Yorn*, *Yorne*, *Eyron*, *Eyorne* and *Eyourn*, for want of a Standard to spell true, by. And shall we now, when we have a Standard as old as a Man's Age, submit to the whimsical Alterations of every Journeyman Printer, that has a mind to palm a Novelty upon us?

The first Deviation of Note was in the Word Money, in Mr. *Addison's* Time spelt *Mony*. This, somebody thought necessary to alter, to shew it was the Offspring of *Moneta*. As well they might have added an *i* to Debt, and made it *Debit*, and so of many others. The next Alteration was in *Dutchess* and *Ballance*; by leaving out the *c* in the first, and making it *French*, instead of *English*; and one of the *l's* in the last, to make it *Bal-lance*: Tho' it's well known to be  
com-

compounded of *Ball* and *Lance*, and wants rather the Addition of an *l*, than a Diminution. The *Trones* or *Thrones* as they are called in the North, and in *London* a *Stilliard*, with a *Ball* and a *Lance* or *Lever*, being the original of *Ballance*. Here, indeed, Brevity may be pleaded; but the same Plea will not hold for the Alteration of *Chymist* to *Chemist*; *pursue* to *per-sue*, &c.

And if for the Sake of Brevity we submit to this Alteration of our Language, we shall lose great Part of our Letters, to the no little Loss of the Printers themselves; as a Copy may be reduced to a Book of two Thirds the Bulk, by writing *Ma* instead of *May*; *sted*, in the room of *stead*; *Det*, for *Debt*; *Ple*, for *Plea*; *Adition*, for *Addition*; *Comanment*, for *Commandment*, and a thousand more. But what will become of our Etymologies, then? Old Men will forget to read. I was at a Loss myself

lately by seeing in a publick Paper the crippled Word *Foreloc*, written for *Forelock*. A Word is known by its complex Form, as much, if not more, than by its Syllables; as is evident by a bad written Letter, penned by one that can't Spell; which will be illegible to a good Reader, that depends upon the true Form of the Words; and yet be intelligible to a Servant-maid, or one that is ignorant of Spelling, by the Sounds of the Syllables, adapted to their own Understanding. This will be the case with us all, by and by, if we depart from the Standard that has kept its Place since the Days of *Dryden*, 'till lately. Now, supposing we could find no original Footsteps in any other ancient Language for some of our most usual Words, are they any thing the worse? No; perhaps they may be Originals themselves, and borrowed of none. Besides, if we endeavour to regulate our Language by Antiquity, we must  
take

take our Measures, from the *Scots*, who speak older *English* than we do by four hundred Years. *Verſlegan*, ſhews us by a ſmall Specimen, that we write no more like our Forefathers than the *Dutch* like us. The Word *Lord* is a Corruption of *Hlaſord*; *Lady*, of *Hleaſdian*; *Light*, of *Leoght*; *Law*, of *Lage*; *Guile*, of *Geal*; *Father*, of *Feader*, &c.

Will any Man in his Senſes plead for the Reſtitution of ſuch obſolete Words as theſe? The beſt way is to ſtick by what we have, no Matter whence it comes, ſince Cuſtom has made it authentick. To illuſtrate the Uſefulneſs of ſuch a Standard, I ſhall mention one thing more, well known to thouſands: If a *Londoner* goes into the moſt Weſtern or Northern Counties of this Kingdom, he will not be able to underſtand above two Words in three, of what the People ſay; but the Country Folks at the ſame Time will underſtand  
the



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the *Londoner*, perfectly. This seems  
a Paradox; but 'tis owing to that  
universal School-book the Bible, which  
they learn to read and understand,  
tho' they speak not the Language  
therein, so frequently as their own  
Dialect.

CHAP.

## C H A P. VI.

*Mr. Van is admitted to Bail: Insulted: His Return: His Guards rewarded: The Character of one of the Constables: Loses his Trade: Compromises the Dispute: Deposits his Money, to secure the Agreement: Is bilked of it: Another Piece of Treachery: The Death of his Wife: A Copy of her Will: The singular Manner of her Interment.*

**M**R. Van being bailed, and once again at Liberty, the *Freemen of Gotham* who expected he would be hanged, that very Affizes, were now, ready to hang *themselves*. For the word *Indictment* being so commonly joined with criminal Matters, and the Signification of the word *Libel* so little understood, the Vulgar, who usually run away with the first Scent, supposed it to be some capital Crime.

Thus

Thus having lost a Holiday and their Revenge, they railed on the J——, and called him Fanatick, Presbyterian, Jacobite, one of the Rump Parliament, Bigot, Zealot, Puritan, and such sort of Names, that they had often heard, but never knew the Meaning of. Indeed he had left the Town and was out of Ear-shot; and no one was honest or bold enough to send him word of it, lest they should be disgraced with the Title of Informers. At length their Assurance emboldened them to insult Mr. *Van* himself, so that he could not pass the Streets in quiet: Not that any of them dared to do it to his Face, but would call to him after he was past, or from their Windows; and others, more dastardly still, not daring to do it themselves, would set on their Wives and Children. But like a truly-great Man, he walked forwards and took little Notice of them or their Speeches. But his Muse, who was something less manly,

manly, made the following *extempore* Flight, which he afterwards communicated to a Friend, or at least a pretended one, that seemed to resent such inurbanick Treatment.

When mungrel Curs the Mastiff dare assail,  
 Regardless of their Snarls, he turns his Tail;  
 With Marks of Scorn he spurns the dusty  
 Ground,

Uplifts his Leg — and scatters Piss around:  
 Instinctive Emblem of a just Disdain,  
 By Nature giv'n, to correct the Vain.

Thus I — condemn the base ignoble Ire  
 Of such mean Wretches, as I do a Liar.  
 Sooner shall Eagles abdicate the Skies,  
 And deign to catch at Gnats — and feed on  
 Flies;

Sooner shall Tygers fly from Fields and Woods,  
 And seek their Dwellings in the briny Floods,  
 Than I'll reply — or waste a single Word;  
 Or stain with them, my Cudgel or my Sword!

Amongst the many such Insults as  
 he daily met with, he was accosted  
 one Evening by two of his Guards,  
 who

who made a wretched, but impudent Remonstrance of the Hardness of their Condition, in being forced to sit up all Night with him, and made unfit for Labour the next Day, and be at length unpaid: Whereas they were promised by the People in Power, half a Crown a Man; therefore they hoped, and thought Mr. *Van*, could do no less, than pay them himself, as they sat up and lost their Time on his Account. Now this Request being *Something* reasonable, and Mr. *Van's* Generosity full as extensive, he recollected their former Behaviour, and took the Premises into Consideration; and finding them deserving of some Reward, appointed them and their Compeers to meet him the next Day, at a publick House, where some little Regard was paid to his Merit, on account of some small matter of Monies he had spent there, to the amount of three Shillings a Week, or thereabouts, for some Years; for the Folks brewed good Ale.

At



At the Hour appointed, they all met ; the one Side longing to give, and the other to receive, expecting more Money than four half Crowns, and a Treat in the Bargain. Now you must know, gentle Reader, that Mr. *Van* was very much distinguished among the Curious, for his extraordinary Skill in selecting, chusing, cutting and trimming a smooth, straight, tough, elastick, well-grown sort of a walking Stick ; one of which he now wore or *bore*——about him, at this Time, on purpose that his four Friends might have the Pleasure of knowing his Abilities that way ; for being very liberal, as we hinted before, he not only afforded them a of View it, but also let them feel it, and see in what manner he could handle it, a Favour not afforded to every one ; which was soldierly, strongly, actively and continually ; that is for half an Hour——not for ever, as some might suppose. In short, he went thro' the several Exercises

ercises of it very amply, and gave his Guardians as much as they desired ; and so satisfactory was their Entertainment, that they took their Leaves without remembering the Money they came for : Not that they were better pleased with the Treat than he that gave it, whose Delight was in doing Good, and would have extended his Caresses, but that he feared their Capacities would render the rest quite needless. And tho' they had been a little ill-bred when last in his Company, their Report ever after did his free Behaviour justice, in all Companies, as they always spoke of it with great Emphasis. He has often been sorry that the two Constables never afforded him the like Opportunity of expressing his Gratitude to them, especially the Cooper. This Fellow without a Shilling in the World, and no more Years on his Head than an Ass at twenty, had the Assurance to make Love to a grave, *motherly*-Maiden, of fifty-three, who, with her Sister, had  
lain

lain in the lame Embraces of a gouty Shopkeeper, more than half of the Time ; and at his Decease, made themselves Heirs and Executors to his Goods and Chattles, Lands and Tene-ments, to the amount of five hundred Pounds and upwards. This pure Virgin, having been heretofore but in the Possession of half a Man, began to lick her Lips at this Stripling, in hopes of having a whole one some time or other, if nothing stopped his Growth. The other Sister, who by her joint Labours was entitled to a Moiety of the Money, was so complaisant as to follow her kind Keeper in a short Space, and leave Miss *Bounce-about* her Copartner in full Possession of their new acquired Fortune ; which she the next Week afterwards bestowed upon this *Jacka-dandy* ; who was then a staunch Whig ; but being thus enriched, and thirsting after Honour, he had just turned J—— to qualify him for a common

ercises of it very amply, and gave his Guardians as much as they desired ; and so satisfactory was their Entertainment, that they took their Leaves without remembering the Money they came for : Not that they were better pleased with the Treat than he that gave it, whose Delight was in doing Good, and would have extended his Caresses, but that he feared their Capacities would render the rest quite needless. And tho' they had been a little ill-bred when last in his Company, their Report ever after did his free Behaviour justice, in all Companies, as they always spoke of it with great Emphasis. He has often been sorry that the two Constables never afforded him the like Opportunity of expressing his Gratitude to them, especially the Cooper. This Fellow without a Shilling in the World, and no more Years on his Head than an Ass at twenty, had the Assurance to make Love to a grave, *motherly*-Maiden, of fifty-three, who, with her Sister, had  
lain

lain in the lame Embraces of a gouty Shopkeeper, more than half of the Time ; and at his Decease, made themselves Heirs and Executors to his Goods and Chattles, Lands and Tenements, to the amount of five hundred Pounds and upwards. This pure Virgin, having been heretofore but in the Possession of half a Man, began to lick her Lips at this Stripling, in hopes of having a whole one some time or other, if nothing stopped his Growth. The other Sister, who by her joint Labours was entitled to a Moiety of the Money, was so complaisant as to follow her kind Keeper in a short Space, and leave Miss *Bounce-about* her Copartner in full Possession of their new acquired Fortune ; which she the next Week afterwards bestowed upon this *Jacka-dandy* ; who was then a staunch Whig ; but being thus enriched, and thrifting after Honour, he had just turned J—— to qualify him for a  
common



common C——man, being already stepped into Office, and arrived at the Constable-ship. And as new Converts in Religion are always more strenuous than old ones, so raw Politicians are always more fierce, snarling and currish than ripe ones, considerably. For as they begin late, they think it their Duty to double their Diligence, and bite twice in a Place, tho' ever so fore. So this Fellow's Malice and want of Breeding (having never eat Oat) had signalized themselves in such a manner, as made him most worthy of Mr. *Van's* Liberality.

After Mr. *Van's* pretended Friends had thus left him in the Lurch, they could not for shame approach his Shop, nor look him in the Face without Confusion; I won't say blushing, lest I should wrong their Colour and Consciences, which are both case-hardened, and fit for Business of any kind. The Whigs Custom being lost, and the  
Tories

Tories never got, and the No-party in the Country standing at Bay, either for fear of the High-party the Magistrates, or the Low-party their Masters, Mr. *Van* used very aptly to compare himself to a Dog with a Clog at his Tail, which not only Men and Boys, but even Dogs, his fellow Creatures of the same kind, will run after and worry, because he's in Distress. The C—— Malice was less blameable because they stuck to their Principles, but for the other Party, that had brought him into this Dilemma, to slight him now, was a Crime that wants a Name. Ingratitude will no more reach it than Falshood: So we must place it under common Heads, and say, 'twas *base! cruel! barbarous! inhuman! hellish* Treatment! For which may all their ill-got Wealth that they have starved the whole Country to accumulate, be squaudered abroad by their Sons and Daughters, before their wrinkled, careful Faces, in the same  
Number

Number of Days as they have laboured Years, in Rapine, Toil and Avarice to hoard! May they live to see their Issue, like their Grandfires, without Shoes and Stockings; and their new Purchases, be purchased again by the Issue of the old Owners, and themselves be glad to conform to the Church, from which they unrighteously fled, to qualify them for a starving Maintenance in one of the Hospitals, or be sent to the Work-house.

Mr. *Van's* Shop being now tradeless, and himself falling, 'tis surprising how ready every one was to push him down. Both Town and Country viewed him as a Prodigy, notwithstanding his Behaviour had always been honest, noble, amiable and affable. He ran into no one's Debt, paid the best Price for every Thing he purchased, and hoarded nothing, but what was sufficient to keep the Wolf from the Door. Indeed a pretty deal had been spent in Law; for the C——  
had

had brought fix Actions against him, and otherwise distressed him, to the amount of two hundred Pounds, at different Times, and as he lived well, 'tis no wonder he was not rich. Yet he was reputed so by the World, and as he had enough, he could not be called poor. Thus, friendless and oppressed, with the Weight of Ingratitude, he longed very much for the next Affizes, to free himself from Bondage, that he might be at Liberty to leave a Place of so much BASENESS. But before that Period, he was informed, that if he would leave the Town, the Prosecutor would drop the Prosecution. This was so agreeable to our Hero, that he made Overtures to accommodate, immediately, upon their own Terms; in consequence of which, a Meeting was made, and the Matter was compromised, upon Conditions that seemed very easy and fair. But it was Mr. *Van's* inseparable Destiny always to be deceived :  
He

He imagined every Body honest like himself, and found—— no Body so. The C—— suffered in Reputation; therefore to save Appearances, it was proposed that he should submit to a formal Reparation, of some very easy Kind; and also deposit in the M—— Hands, the Sum of ten Pounds, for some nameless Purposes, and give his Attorney two Guineas, and a Note to pay his Agent also, five Pounds and seventeen Shillings more; and sign something that they called a Recantation, and *had* ready drawn. This last occasioned a long Demurrer on the Side of Mr. *Van*, who resolutely persisted in the Refusal, 'till after the most solemn Stipulation, that it should not be published, nor yet shown, to more than six Persons. All which several Sums of Money aforesaid, were to be returned to our Hero, upon his Petition for that Purpose. Pursuant to which the M——'s Attorney brought him  
the



the Form thereof, which the M—— presented himself at the next common Hall, where an Order was made, that a Committee of eight Persons should send for Mr. *Van* to the Tavern, in a handsome manner, and repay him his Money. But so inveterate was the Malice of some of the Committee, that they refused to join, or had so designed it, originally, to wrong him; for from that Time to this Hour, they never returned him a Half-penny; to the great Scandal and Dishonour of such a Body, and the *Publick Faith*. The Recantation was interpolated with many false Facts, and printed presently; and many hundreds of Copies thrust into the Hands of every Body; contrary to the most solemn Engagements; on purpose to injure him in his Trade and Reputation; if it were possible to wound them further. But a great Man will be a great Man still, in all Degrees and Stations. It moved him no more than the barking of a few yelping Curs; but broke the

Heart of his Wife. She could not bear to see her Hero deserted by the Whigs, his pretended Friends, cheated by the Tories, his pretended reconciled Enemies, and disregarded by every Body else: His Pocket picked, his Reputation torn, his Trade lost, and himself a By-word. Indeed, the Fright she received from the Constables at breaking the Door, and the many cheruping Reinforcements she afterwards used to keep up her Spirits, contributed not a little to hasten her End. Being sensible of Death, and having imbibed something Heroical from her Husband, she desired he would bury her in some Field, Common, or Highway; or hang her up in a Tree for the Crows to eat, rather than inhum her among such Cannibals as she had unhappily lived with, too many sorrowful Years.

As our Hero loved his Wife, and he had now no other Friend to impart his Mind to, nor help him at a dead list, it awoke the constant Calm  
that

that hitherto remained unruffled and serene. He remembered her last Request, and was resolved to comply with it, that the Parish might not be a Farthing the better for his Loss. Accordingly, despising worldly Rules and old Women's Fancies, he tied her up in a Blanket, and by the help of four Porters put her into a Boat, an Hour after Midnight; and then dismissing the Bearers, he rowed down the River to a deep Place, and fastening some Stones to her Head and Feet, threw her over the Boat, and buried her at the Bottom. He then got out, and the Boat drove down the Stream to a Mill, about a Mile below, where it was taken up and restored to the Owner; and Mr. *Van* in deep Mourning, brought home a heavy Heart and himself, to his own hateful House, an Hour before Day-light; where he had a terrible Conflict with the poor Children, who wanted to know what was become of their Mother, whom they heard hurried out of the House, after they were

in Bed. The afflicted Parent had much ado for Tears, to tell them—— she was buried. This, instead of appeasing, aggravated their Grief. They took it to Heart and cried bitterly, that they were not suffered to follow her Corps in Cavalcade to the Grave.

Mr. *Van* having no more Customers, his own Family fell upon the Cheese and Bacon in a hostile Manner, and destroyed them Piece-meal. Not that they thought the said Cheese and Bacon in any Fault by their not being sold, but because they were Natives of that base County, that seemed to threaten nothing less than their Destruction ; and by reason the latter when alive, were related to some of the tip-top Families, who are as much celebrated for their Grunting, as the Dogs in *Derbyshire* are for their Singing.

C H A P. VII.

*Mr. Van's Politicks : Cries a Sale of  
his Goods : Loses his Estate : Sets out  
for — the L—d knows where :  
Meets with the L—d knows who —  
O ! two Palmers : Their Histories  
and Reward.*

**D**URING the Destruction of  
the Cheefe and Bacon aforesaid,  
at *Mouth-Mill*, by the several Sets of  
Ivory Grinders employed for that Pur-  
pose, Mr. *Van* seemed restless, uneasy,  
vindictive and political : he found a De-  
fect in the Heart of the Constitution,  
and was resolved, if possible, to cure  
C——'s, by sending the following  
Letter to a great Man in the H——  
of C——.

S I R,

**F**inding by the printed Votes that  
a Bill is ordered into Parliament,  
for the Regulation of J—— of  
F 3 P——,



P——, and that you are one of the worthy Members appointed to prepare and bring in the same, I have made bold to trouble your Honour, as one of the most distinguished Patriots not only in that Assembly, but in all *Great Britain*, with a few indigested Hints in the Cause of LIBERTY.

As I am entirely unknown to you, Sir, the Presumption of this Attempt would have been a sufficient Bar to my Design, had not the Notoriety of your generous Candour, publick Zeal, and boundless Humanity encouraged me to proceed. In hopes, therefore, of a favourable and charitable Construction, I have pointed out some few Things that seem to want Amendment; and and which many Thousands in Low-Life, who see the Calamities of their poor Neighbours too often, would be glad to find rectified.

In C——s we frequently see the most ignorant, illiterate, groveling-minded,

minded, self-ended Tradesmen, and  
 sometimes Labourers, by virtue of  
 an old Charter (or perhaps the Re-  
 putation of a Charter only) made  
 J——! To answer no one End but  
 to plague the lowest Class of Man-  
 kind, whom they not only cite be-  
 fore them, but bring with a Con-  
 stable *Vi et Armis*, for Matters quite  
 foreign to their Authority; as Debts,  
 frivolous Words, no way illegal,  
 nor even defamatory; Breach of  
 Contract; striking a Horse; kicking a  
 Dog and the like; only to shew the  
 Pageantry of their short-lived Power,  
 and plague the Poor; the only Per-  
 son incapable of defending them-  
 selves against the Vanity, Wanton-  
 ness or Malice of such monstrous  
 M——s, who are ever partial to  
 the Complainant, and seldom fail of  
 threatening the Delinquent with  
*Binding Over*. Who being poor  
 and Friendless, is unable to find  
 Sureties, and therefore forced to beg  
 the Favour of being allowed to *make*

*it up.* Upon which Mr. M——, or Mr. J——, who perhaps is a Maltster, sends them to one of his own Customers, where they sit and wrangle down four or five Shillings-worth of Ale, and get unlawfully Drunk, at the Delinquent's Expence; who pays for the Drink and the Warrant, and gives his Antagonist half a Crown for his Loss of Time, and so the Business is ended; to the great Discredit of our Laws, Debauchery of half a dozen People, and the impoverishing of *One*; who perhaps is an ill Husband for a Week or two afterwards, for Vexation to see himself thus fooled out of his Money, by the Malice of his Neighbour, and the Ignorance of the J——. And by that means gets so far behind hand, as never to be able to recover his Affairs again. His little Credit which he had before, from one Week to another, at the Baker's, Grocer's, &c. being now lost, he becomes abandoned and despondent,

despondent, and the first Week's Sickness or want of Work (being a Person that no body will trust) brings him upon the Parish, to be maintained by a Company of industrious People, who are many of them almost as needy as himself. I presume to think the C—— J——s for any thing, save Treason, Murder, Felony, dangerous Affray, Breach of the Peace, regulating Disputes about Servants, and Quartering Soldiers, ought to have no Power; those being Acts they can't well mistake in. For how is it possible, for an ignorant Man, the Moment he has made M——, to pull off his Apron and be able to administer Justice, according to Equity and the Laws of the Land? If such Ministers there must be, no one ought to be elected into that Office 'till he hath been Sub-M—— for one whole Year, and given constant Attendance at the Elbow of his Predecessor, to learn the Duties of his Station.

This unlimited, ill-placed Power, and the Bugbear of a *Freedom*, are vast Hinderances in the peopling of large Towns; for notwithstanding the Law settles a Man any where, that rents ten Pounds, or makes a Purchase of thirty; if it be in a C——, he shall scarcely ever be at quiet till he has bought his Freedom, tho' it proves his Ruin, and brings him to the Work-house: For many an honest, industrious Mechanick, can trade with twenty Pounds (the Price of a Freedom) and bring up a Family, but parting with that, for an useless, imaginary Priviledge, he has nothing left to buy Leather, or Iron, or Wood, and go on as a Master, but must become the Workman, Slave and Dependant of some of the great Burghers that helped to rob him of his Money, against Law (save in *London* and *Berwick*) against Christianity, Morality and good Politicks.

It



MR. JOHN VAN. 107

It would also be well if Appeals lay from a C—— Sessions to those of the County : For want of which the most glaring Injustices are enormously supported.

I shall now, only trouble your Honour with one Observation more ; and that is, the Inconveniency of a Member of P——'s acting as a J—— of P—— in the Borough he represents ; it being impossible to please both Parties : Therefore I think it no bad Expedient if in the Bill depending, the Members were restrained from acting where they are chosen.

*I am, Sir, your Honour's*

*most Obedient (tho' unknown)*

*Humble Servant,*

JOHN VAN.

Our Hero having now nothing else to do but write, and being not satisfied

fatisfied with sending to one Member whom he did not know, he resolved to Trouble another that he did know, and had formerly been intimate with : Fondly believing every Person in that Assembly were as good Patriots as himself, and had nothing else to do but make Laws to serve little Folks. Pursuant to such Credulity he penned the following Blank Bill, and sent it to his *quondam* Acquaintance.

WHereas many good and wholesome Laws for the Encouragement of Trade and Merchandize, were made in the Time of King *Edward* the III<sup>d</sup>. and confirmed by him and many other succeeding Kings, to the great Benefit of this Kingdom ; which now, by reason of the Brevity of the Penning, the great Change in Language, and other concurrent Circumstances since that Time, are become something precarious and uncertain, and often occasions very expensive  
Law-

Law-Suits, upon which, no certain Judgments can be obtained ; and give great Encouragement to many Persons actuated by selfish Principles, under pretence of sundry peculiar Priviledges, derived to them by being Freemen and Officers of some Borough or Town Corporate, under the Sanction of antiquated Charters and other prescriptive Rights, to enslave the Freeborn Subjects of this Realm, by frequently extorting great, uncertain, and arbitrary Sums of Money of them for the Liberty to exercise their several Trades and Callings, and sell their Wares and Merchandizes : Notwithstanding they are restrained by an Act of Parliament made in the 29th Year of King *Henry VIIth.* Chap. VII. Therefore, to explain the several Statutes relating thereto, and to prevent the like pernicious Practices for the future ; Be it Enacted, &c. That from and after the every Person paying to the Poors Rates, or liable

liable by the Laws now in being to pay such Rates, shall be permitted by Virtue thereof, to Settle and Dwell and Exercise their several Trades, and sell their Wares and Merchandizes, in any City, Borough or Town Corporate in *England*: Except in the City of *London*, and such other Cities, Boroughs and Towns Corporate, who already enjoy an exempt Jurisdiction, by Virtue of some former Act or Acts of Parliament ; and saving to all Freemen their Rights of Common, and Benefits arising from Charitable Donations.

Whether the worthy Member that this was sent to, lit his Pipe with it, or put it to some baser Use, Mr. *Van* could never learn. But he had the Mortification, after searching the Votes for it Day after Day, to find it never came into the House. However, during the Suspence, he sent the following Letter to the Author of the *London-*

MR. JOHN VAN. III

*don-Evening-Post*, to prepare the Minds of the Members to give it a proper Reception; resolving to leave no Stone unturned to get it made into a Law.

*A Calf an Alderman, a Goose a Justice.*

HUDIBRAS.

SIR,

YOUR truly laudable Endeavours in the Support of Liberty, were never more signally expressed than in the Case of poor Mr. *Lucas*.

To write in the Behalf of an unhappy Exile, whose only Value is his Virtue; and who has neither Money, Places nor Pensions to bestow, to Recompence such Services, shews you a Patriot indeed, of the original Cut. Actuated by the same generous Principles, I can't with Patience, behold the Fatal effects of Power, trampling down the Liberties of every Freeborn *Englishman*. Neither am I otherwise singular with respect to the Dignity of



of the Objects oppressed. The lower the Sufferers are the more it is needful to assist them. Liberty! the darling Attribute of every *Englishman*, has lately exerted itself in the City of *London*, and begins to struggle in other Places of much less Consequence, where so low a Magistrate as a Portreeve or a Bailiff, by the Assumption of *Power*, grounded on Prescription, or an antiquated Charter, and some particular selfish Considerations, shall half unpeople a Town, because they are not Free of his Borough, and refuse to pay him a large Composition for the Freedom thereof. This was a Grievance many Ages ago, and several Laws were made to alter it, in the Reigns of *Edward III*d. *Richard II*d. *Henry VII*th. and *Edward VI*th. But they are now grown obsolete and ineffectual. The great Lord *Verulam*, who wrote the History of *Henry VII*th. that made the Act against the Ordinances and Bye-laws of Corporations,

rations, calls them in Capital Letters FRATERNITIES in EVIL. Since then the Law is greatly altered with respect to Liberty, and settles every one that rents ten Pounds a Year, &c. And shall the By-law of a little dirty Borough tread down the Law of the Land, and unsettle such an Inhabitant, unless he will buy a Freedom, at twenty or thirty Pounds Price? Is this consistent with the boasted Rights of *Englishmen*? 'Tis true, it may be answered, the Law of the Land is on his Side. But what then? I have known a Corporation bring six Actions at different Times against the same Man, and never try one of them. Now consider what a Hardship this must be to a little Tradesman. At the Assizes the Plaintiffs well knowing their Action not maintainable, suffer a Nonsuit by Errors contrived on Purpose; they are ordered to pay Costs; they refuse; Motions are made in the Courts

Courts of *Westminster*, for them to shew Cause, and at last after two Years delay, they are obliged to pay—a taxed Bill; which perhaps is about half the Country Attorney's Bill. So that at last such an Inhabitant is tired out, and glad to remove from the Town, to seek his Living in some other Borough; where he will be treated in the same Manner; 'till he becomes a Burden to the Parish, and must be kept by the Sons of those impolitick Fathers that gave him the first Disturbance.

To illustrate this more plainly, I knew a Glover, who served his Apprenticeship in a Borough Town, with a Non-Freeman thereof, and so consequently became a Parishioner there. This Man married and had forty Pounds to begin the World with; twenty of which he laid out in Household Goods, and the other twenty in Leather; and as there were but two Glovers in Town, and it being  
a

a large one, and himself a good Husband, he seemed to be in a promising Way. But before he had opened Shop a Month, the Corporation demanded one and twenty Pounds of him for his Freedom. He had no such Sum to bestow; and was in his own Parish, where he thought he had a Right to Live, and follow the Trade he had purchased by ten Pounds and seven Years Servitude. They brought their Action, and kept their old, vile Course, 'till the Man was tired out, and forced to give his whole trading Money to them to be quiet. This was his Ruin; for his Family encreasing every Year, and himself forced to buy Leather on Credit, in little Quantities and at large Prices, it always kept him low, and scarcely even with the World. Whereas, if he had not been forced to take upon him the Dignity of a Burgefs, he could have made a Fortune out of the Money his Honour cost him, well enough.

As

As these Abuses are so flagrant, what can want a Reformation more? They abrogate the Laws of the Land, and substitute their own vile, despotick Customs in their Stead; what can a Tyrant do more? Customs that they hold more sacred than Law, because they are of their own making, and thereby cramp the Propagation of Trade. Some restraining Law, therefore, seems highly necessary to check their aspiring Power, and reinstate the free-born Subjects of this Realm in their rightful and original Liberty.

If you insert this in your Paper, the Hints here given may perhaps inspire some of the Lovers of their Country to promote so popular a Law, and deserve a Statue.

*I am Sir, Yours,*

LIBERTAS.

As



MR. JOHN VAN. 117

As Mr. *Van* (like many other well meaning Authors, that send Letters to the Publishers of News Papers) was ignorant that a small Sum of Money should always accompany such Epistles, it was taken no Notice of; and put him upon the Fret, to see such a general Disregard paid to all his Performances; insomuch that like *Timon*, he was resolved to turn *Misanthropos*, and fly from Mankind. Accordingly he published a Sale of his Goods on a Market-day, that the innocent Country People might be the Purchasers, and them only; for he would not sell a Half-penny worth to any of the Town, unless they paid Sauce, and gave him Three-pence for it: Which many did do, that they might have the Pleasure of saying that such a Utensil was part of the Furniture of that eminent Personage, invincible Hero, and celebated Poet Mr. *John Van*.

In

In a few Days the House was cleared of every Thing but its Inhabitants, who were there yet; and there they were like to be; for Mr. *Van* had still the same Trust in *Providence* as formerly, and took no Thought for the *Morrow*. And tho' his Troubles were of a Sort that would have made most People thoughtful, especially of the Time to come, he still remained fixed to his first Principles, and left his Fate to *Fortune*. Now the Reader may remember, that the House was his own for the Life of one Woman and no longer. This Woman, as if the Destinies had conspired against our Hero, — fell ill of the Small-pox, the Day before Mr. *Van*'s Sale began, and died the Day it was finished. So fearing at length he should be forced to pay Rent for a House he could not occupy, he began to think of leaving that — and the Town. In a few Hours, the Corps being mustered and their Baggage laden, they began their  
March

March without Beat of Drum from an ungrateful Station, armed — with a firm Resolution never to Eat nor Drink in it again! They were just Half a Dozen in Number; Mr. *Van* (who looked like one of the Fathers of the Antideluvian World, going to settle an Infant Colony) his Son and four Daughters. After half an Hours Walk, he had some Reason to compare himself to *Lot*: For e'er he was out of the Sight of this City of *New Sodom*, he felt the Shock of an Earthquake, and did not doubt but it was sent to destroy a Place that had not *Five* righteous Persons therein; and thought it no less than the Hand of Heaven that had led him thereout. But careless of the Fate of those that had been fatal to him, he journeyed on, and looked not behind, lest like *Lot's* Wife he should be turned into Salt, Stone, or any other permanent Being, in a Land he abhorred, and did not desire to stay any longer in, Dead or Alive. On the Road — he overtook

overtook two Objects of Pity, which pierced his Heart, that always overflowed with Goodness, and made him very inquisitive about their Misfortunes, the one being Blind and the other Lame. The younger Children were now tired and glad of an Opportunity to sit down and rest themselves, whilst their Father with open Organs listened to the following Lies.

*The Blind Man's Story.*

I Was the Son of a poor Curate, not far from *Torbay*, in *Devonshire*; and brought up as well as the Abilities of such a Father would admit; who gave me a little common Learning, and strove hard to put me Prentice to the Clerk of the Parish, who was a Shoemaker, but could not raise the Sum required for that Purpose, being five Pounds; tho' he laid by twelve Shillings a Year, for five Years together; the two last of which he intended

intended to have added something more, and pinched very hard for it, but Wheat proving dear, he found it impossible to effect it, with his Comings-in. For my Father, poor Man, had but twenty Marks a Year for serving two Churches. On which he formed a Resolution of framing a Petition to the Rector, whom he expected there in a Month, to receive his Tythes, amounting to the Sum of two hundred and seventy Pounds a Year, praying him to advance the forty Shillings that were wanting to put me 'Prentice, and deduct it out of his Stipend, at five Shillings a Quarter; presuming the good Doctor would be glad of such an Occasion to display his Beneficence. But alas! What Chimeras breed in the barren Brains of bigotted Borrowers? The Rector knew that Men were mortal, and that the Curate might die as soon as another, and therefore evaded the Loan, by telling



the deluded Substitue, ' that his Son was  
' too old to go 'Prentice at Nineteen,  
' and that a Country Shoemaker was  
' but a cobbling sort of a Craftsman,  
' and little better than a Day La-  
' bourer ; so he shall go to *London*  
' with me, and be taken care of for  
' ever, I'll provide him a Horse and  
' good Cloaths, and he shall take an  
' Airing with me every Day.' This  
seemed so advantageous an Offer that  
my very Sweetheart consented I should  
go along with him, in Expectation I  
should return a Gentleman. But Alack!  
when he got me to *London*, I soon  
found myself no better than a Gentle-  
man's Man, and often his Maid.  
This sat so heavy upon my Stomach,  
having a small Smack of Pride, and  
being something ambitious, that e'er  
I'd been there three Months, I left  
his Corpulency to return Home, and  
shew the Country my Acquirements  
in Town ; for I had learned the Me-  
thod of making shining Blacking to  
japan

japan Shoes and Boots as black as Jet ; I could polish Knives, and make them cut like Razors ; I could lay a Cloth, wash Glasses, Wait at Table, and dress Horses ; I could beat a point at War upon a Street Door ; tell Lies for my Master, by saying he was not at Home, when he was all the while in the Parlour ; I could twirl a Mop, and wind up a Jack, two Things I had never seen done in the Country. With these Accomplishments, and my Hair in a black Ribbon, I thought myself a better bred Man than the Squire, by much, who stood upon no such Things as I had learned in *London* ; at least I thought so then, as he went very plain in his Dress, and had nothing polished in his Language. Therefore I resolved upon my Arrival to make him a Visit, as a Gentleman just come off his Travels, and offer myself as a Tutor to his Sons. But before I got half Way thither, I met a Country Ac-

quaintance, that informed me my Father was dead, and had left many Debts unpaid. Not knowing now whether 'twere best to go forward or back again, I stood in Suspence, 'till a Drum and three powdered Beaus with Ruffles at their Hands, awakened me to——Arms, and made me a Frater in a Fellowship of Dragoons.

I had here the same delusive and abusive Promises, that heretofore I received from the Doctor, and something more, consisting of a Horse, Cloaths, Arms and Accoutrements, to the Value of fifty Pounds. Indeed, I was one Step higher in Reputation, as being now a Gentleman, in Truth, a thing I had coveted some Time. But a Gentleman's Man is the happier Mortal by many a Meal. In this Situation an unhappy Accident (a Quarrel with another Dragoon, about a worthless Wench, that brought on a Duel at Sword and Pistol) put an  
End

End to my Sight and my Soldiering, by a Shot fired full in my Face, but charged only with Powder; the Fellow having forgot the Balls. On this I was presently discharged, and made a Beggar as you now see me, for ever.

This Fellow's Fortune being in several Circumstances so similar to Mr. *Van's* own History, moved him very much; and made him inveigh bitterly against the Doctor. But to comfort him something for the Loss of his Eyes, his Trade, and his Father, he gave him half a Crown, and desired the Cripple to give him a small Detail of his Misfortunes, which the Lazar complied with as follows:

*The Lame Man's Story.*

I Am the Son of one *William Wrong-head*, nigh hand *Carlisle*, Tenant to Major *Niggardly* of *Narrowfoul-Hall*; who took me from my Father

in a very busy Time, when he could illy spare me, to let me see the World, and look after four or five Horses. He gave me a Livery at the King's Charge, and Victuals and Drink when he had any left. At other Times he allowed me three Shillings and Sixpence a Week, to find myself. And if we travelled — he doubled the Sum, and made it a Shilling a Day. Having been used to large Luncheons at Home, I was starved with Board Wages, especially abroad; for as the Major had Coffee for Breakfast, and Six-pennyworth of Stakes for his Dinner and Supper, there could be no Remains for his Man. Those were his constant Dishes on the Road, because they bore a settled Price, and saved the Extortion of Cookery. As for me and my Shilling a Day — By buying one Meal and begging two, I made shift to keep Soul and Body together, 'till we reached *London*. Here I expected to get fat again presently,



presently, as I had heard the Streets were paved with Silver, and the Houses lined with Gold and Diamonds. A great deal of every Sort stood at many a Man's Door, but then it was in Glaffen Boxes, like Sash-windows, and locked up; so that if I'd dropped down for a few Pieces of either I could not have had 'em.

We lodged in the *Haymarket*; and *London* being a dearer Place for Provisions than the Country, my honourable Master allowed me five Shillings a Week, for Board and Expences. But alas! What was that for a young hungry Fellow? I went to Dinner at a House by the Stables, where the Ordinary, as they called it, was Nine-pence, besides Liquor, about four Times a Week; but could not afford to go oftner: My other Meals being a Half-penny Loaf, now and then, and some Beverage from the Pump: For I had Shaving and Washing to pay out of my Crown, besides.

A small Time before we were to leave the Town the Major was pleased to take Notice of the Fineness of my Shape; and told me, ' He wished I ' had not been meddling with the ' Women, for I looked as thin as a ' shotten Herring.' This provoked me to tell him the Truth; and shew my dislike of Board-Wages. He then asked me where I dined? And when I had told him, he called me Block-head, and asked me what Business I had to go to such a House as that, where no-body went but Gentlemen? ' You may well look thin! You ' should have gone to some of the ' Eating Shops behind St. *Martin's* ' Church, where the Taylors dine, ' and there you might have had a ' Belly-full of Beef for Three-pence, ' besides a Porringer of Broth, to fill ' up the Chinks, and save Drink. ' Why I thought you saved at least, ' two Shillings every Week'. Now I suppose the Major, by knowing these  
Places

Places so well, and the Company that came there, was a Customer himself; being a Lover of Beef too; for No-body ever saw him eat any thing that knew him, saving a Welsh-Rabbit now and then for Supper, except it were on Free-cost, all the Time he staid in *London*, which was three Months.

Two Days after this I received a Letter from my Father, to let me know the Major, his Landlord and my generous Master, had caused his Effects to be seized for Arrears of Rent, it being a dear Bargain, and himself turned out of Doors. This grieved me bitterly; I cryed some Hours, before I had Resolution enough to speak to the Major about it. At last I pulled up a good Heart, tho' a heavy one, and asked him how he could find in his Soul to serve my poor old Father so, that had toiled all his Life for his Landlord, and hadn't now a Hole to put his Head in? He answered me so furlily, that I had Cou-

rage enough to ask him for my Wages and Discharge. Wages! said he. Did I ever contract with you for any? Or ever hire you? You are indebted to me for your Cloathing and Diet, for thirteen Months. I shall give you no Wages, for the Time past; but for the Time to come — If you won't stay without, perhaps I may allow you thirty or forty Shillings a Year.

Finding Things at this Pass, I thought it most for my Interest to quit such a Service, where the Profits would not find me Shirting. Accordingly the next Morning, without taking leave of my Master, I took my farewell of the Horses, who were the better Christians, and strolled into the City; where a Bricklayer that was born in our Country, made me his Man, to bring him Morter and Bricks up a devilish long Ladder, near a Furlong high; where I fell from a Scaffold and broke one of my Thighs, and have been a Cripple ever since.

This

This Fellow's Story having also something of a Military cast, induced Mr. *Van* to pity his Case, and to console him something, gave him a splendid Shilling.

C H A P. VIII.

*Mr. Van's Gratitude : Goes to Visit the Parson, who proves a Devil : Quarters at a Country-Cabbin, nicknamed an Inn : Meets with two Friends, on whom he performed two miraculous Cures ; making the Blind to See, and the Lame to Walk.*

THE Palmers being dismissed, Mr. *Van* and his Colony pursued their Peregrination, by easy Ambling, to another resting Place about a Mile farther, where after a little Stay, he left the great Road they were in, to visit a merry Parson who (some little Time before, not knowing his Condition) had sent him a Tythe Pig,



Pig, and to thank him personally for his Present. Gratitude, that warms the generous Mind, seemed rather to burn in him : And he had always the Frailty to think so it was with other Men, as well as himself; and would no more have parted from the Country before he had paid this Debt of Honour, than he would have parted with his Principles, his Children, or his Life. Therefore in full Expectation of a joyfull reciprocal Meeting, between the pleasant Parson and himself, he quickened his Steps, and made haste to the House.

At the peaceful Portal he met the Heir, an *Oxonian*, of the Age of one and twenty; who in his younger Days had eat many a piece of Pudding at Mr. *Van's* Table : But according to the North Country Proverb, *Eaten Bread is soon forgotton*, this young Gentleman at the Sight of such a Troop was something surprized; said—' His Father was at Home ;—  
' would

' would be in the Hall! (where they  
 ' then were) presently; — was  
 ' dressing himself; — had not quite  
 ' done shaving; — was talking  
 ' with his Tenant; — and he would  
 ' give him Notice.' Making his Exit  
 for that very purpose. Mr. *Van*,  
 whose Soul was full of generous Sen-  
 timents, took no Notice of these odd,  
 incoherent Sentences, but traversed  
 the Room with a little Impatience,  
 and longing Desire for the Appear-  
 ance of his Friend, whose Tread he  
 expected every Moment to hear. But  
 his Daughter, who had some Sagacity,  
 and less Credulity, alarmed her Papa  
 with Ideas of Indifference; and pro-  
 phesied, like a young Witch as she  
 was, *They were come to the wrong*  
*House*. Now Mr. *Van*'s Sacerdotal  
 Friend had just heard by the Trump  
 of common Fame, or the Mouth of  
 some one else, of his leaving off House-  
 keeping; and conceiving there would  
 be no more Treats from that Quarter,  
 but

but Expences from his own, detached his Son back again to excuse his Appearance. The Legate, upon his Return to the People in the Hall, assured them, with great Confidence, he could not find his Father, and feared he was gone out ; but believed he would not tarry. He then asked Mr. *Van* many idle Questions about *Goatham* ; how long it was to the Horse Race ; if the Widow *Strong* was yet married to *Polypheme* ; if the *B——*'s old Coach hadn't broke the Heart of his Paromour's Horses, &c. Seeming all the while to know nothing of Mr. *Van*'s Removal. Thus wasting a Quarter of an Hour, he began to wonder his Father did not return, and went out to see for him : — But came no more.

This Entertainment being very singular, and Miss *Van*'s former Hint still fresh in her Father's Memory, he made shift, with some Difficulty, to see the mean spiritedness of the Parson,  
and

and the Perfidiousness of his Son ; but could scarcely forbear excusing it, by supposing some Accident had happened to one or both : Till an old Woman that the Parson kept from the Parish, made her reachy Appearance. This Matron was useful to her Master on many Accounts, as he had a Colt's Tooth in his Head still, and would talk as waggish as a Waggoner. She saved a Maid's Wages ; served for a Nurse, when he was *out* of Order, and filled the Place of a Wife when he was *in* Order ; and made his Benevolence appear in a broad Light, as he kept her on Charity ; that is, as far as Victuals and Drink would go —— for the Parish found her Cloathing.

This able bodied Officer, that supported so many Functions, demanded in a rude Manner who he wanted to speak with. Mr. *Van* very innocently answered, your Master, good Woman. O ! said she, you can't speak  
with

with him ; he's gone a Journey, and won't be back these seven Days, or may be fourteen. Gone a Journey ! said Mr. *Van*, surely you're mistaken. No, I ar'n't, said she, he went out yesterday Morning. O, *Jupiter* ! said Mr. *Van*, why your young Master said he was at Home, just now. O ! said the Woman, ' You must not ' mind him : He's the greatest Ro- ' mancer in the Parish, and takes de- ' light in making Fools of Folks. ' He learned it at *Hoxford* I suppose. ' He didn't do so afore he went thi- ' ther. He was a good towardly ' Child afore he'd been there to ' study the Black Art ; but he's main ' Mischief-full now, and tells most ' *abominatious* Stories.' Pray let me speak with him, Goody, said Mr. *Van*. *Speak with him !* said the Woman, *he's gone a Shooting, and is a Furlong or two off, by now, and may be a good part of a Mile.* And indeed it was well for the young Gentleman



tleman that he was at such a Distance, for our Hero immediately decamped with great Discontent, in Hopes of overtaking or meeting him on the Road, to repay the Obligations due to himself and Father; but he was not so fortunate.

When they had marched about a couple of Miles from this In-hospitable Place, it began to grow something dark; for it seems the Sun, who paid no more Regard to our Hero than he did to his Enemies, was got to his Inn, and was smoaking his Pipe, and drinking his Pot with Goody *Thetis*, the Waterman's Wife; without caring a Fig what became of his fellow Traveller and Brother Poet; who seeing Things at this Pass, thought it high Time to turn in——to a hoary Mansion of Hospitality, upheld by Walls of Clay, and a Chimney of the same Quarry, that supported a Thatched Roof, and a Garden of Houseleek. Here, Mr. *Van*, on seeing a Holly-Bush

Bush at the Door, called to enquire for Quarters. The Appearance of so many Guests put the Household in some Disorder for a few Minutes, but Mr. *Van's* Affability and courteous Address soon composed them to their former Serenity. They were shewed into the best Room, called the Parlour, and a great Chair set for our Hero; where a good Fire, a Pipe and a Pot soon erased the Remembrance of the Parson's Perfidy, and made him as happy and merry as a Miser o'er a Million. And tho' they could get nothing for Supper but Bacon and Cabbage, — as they were hungry, neither Prince nor Peasant ever made a better Meal. After the Board was cleared Mr. *Van* invited his Host, a plain Countryman, to give him his Company; and good Company he was, being by Nature an absolute Village-Wit.

The *Londoners* have a Saying, *that all Country Folks are Fools*, but 'tis a very

very great Error. We may find in this Nation Men of excellent Sense in very unpromising Appearances. This Man was the readiest at Repartee that ever Mr. *Van* had met with; which a little Familiarity and Knowledge of his Person brought him to exercise with unspeakable Delight, so that our Traveller never spent an Evening with greater Satisfaction. He was quite unlettered, and had never been Abroad, and yet was rich in Stories, he had treasured in Memory, from the Mouths of the Parson, the Exciseman, and others of his Guests, that now and then dropped a good one in his Hearing; and what he spoke over, to illustrate or embellish, was never flashy, but sound, solid, manly Sense. The Gentleman liking his Landlord, and the Landlord his Guest, they did not part soon. But at the Hour of Rest, some Difficulty arose in relation to Lodging; they were furnished only with three Beds; and

and one them was already filled by two of their constant Customers; and pretty good Customers they were; for the Landlady was called every Quarter of an Hour to bring up a Pint of Ale, they being very feverish or very thirsty. Mr. *Van* and his Son were laid in another Bed, hard by; and the three Girls in the third. So the Landlord and his Lady were obliged to sit up; partly to wait on the thirsty, couchant Customers, and solely — for want of a Bed. Their continual Knocking and Calling for Ale, and in the next Room too, disturbed Mr. *Van* so much, he could get no Rest; and made him call out to them to be easy, and suffer him to Sleep. But this, instead of the desired Effect, set them to Swearing and Knocking ten Times more, calling our Hero a Muster Roll of scurrilous Names, with great Spirit and Energy; which he regarded only as the Effect of the Ale; and bore it like

like a Philosopher, with Demy-god-like Silence.

They being now both full awake, and supposing Mr. *Van* asleep, began to entertain each other with the Feats and Cheats they had practised the Day before; and among the rest, expressed a deal of Pleasure in being able to tickle the fat Gentleman out of his Three Shillings and Six-pence, with their blind and lame Stories on the Road.

Mr. *Van* had some Notion before, that he had heard their Voices somewhere, but this Incident confirmed his Knowledge in the Particularity of their Persons; and made him resolve to dun them for a Drawback, in the Morning; which this Discovery rightfully entitled him to. Therefore he lay very still, and ruminated on the Roguery regnant in all Regions and Stations. He had heard of such Tricksters in *London*, but for two Fellows to come from the most distant  
and



and opposite Extremities of the Nation, renowned for Honesty and Simplicity of Manners, to practise such Forgery in the Center, were Impostures he could not have dreamt on nor believed, if he had not been imposed on in Person. He now plainly found what he had often heard, of Beggars drinking more Ale than ordinary Men, to be an experimental Saying, and not the Suggestion only of Persons unendowed with charitable Sentiments : That a Vagrant Life was a Life of Choice, and not imposed by Necessity or Misfortune : That the viatory Relief of such Persons was an Injury to the Common-wealth ; as it begat Thieves, Whores, Bastards, and Beggars.

About four o'Clock Mr. *Van* fell asleep, and did not wake 'till Eight. At which Time he arose something hastily, and missing his Friends in the collateral Apartment ; he posted down Stairs and enquired which Way they

they went ? The Landlord told him they had paid their Reckoning, and were gone to the other Part of the Parish. Our Hero was something vexed he had slept so long, and missed them. But walking up the Village, he had the good Fortune to find them at a Yeoman's Door, offering Orisons to a mocked Deity, in an immoral Manner ; Pray, for C——'s sake pity the Lamè and the Blind : The Lord enlighten your Souls everlastingly : Consider what it is to be totally Blind : I cannot see the Sun, but am Stone-blind, and can get no Cure. We have not had a Morfel of *dry* Bread nor a drop of *Small-beer* within our Lips these two Days —— at these Words Mr. *Van* with his trusty Truncheon in his Hand came up within a Yard of their Imbecilities, and offered to cure them both for three Shillings and Sixpence ready Money. To this they pleaded Poverty, and declared upon Oath they had spent all their Monies

Monies to a Half-penny, at their Quarters ; and were now incapable to raise such a Sum. Thus unable (or unwilling ) to fee, they began to sue — in *Forma pauperis* ; But the generous Gentleman, without letting them go on, undertook to cure them Gratis. And waving his wonder-working Wand, he performed two Miracles in one Minute ; making the Blind to See, and the Lame to—Run ; and that with great Swiftnefs ; both he and his Companion leaving the purfy Combatant half a Dozen lengths in the Rear, 'till they were clear of the Town, and he was weary of the Pursuit.

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

*The Story of Mrs. Strong, a Kentish Lady, and her Deceiver, Polypheme :*

*A Digression.*

**H**AVING in the former Chapter, made some mention of Mrs. *Strong*, as if there were something particular in her Story, I hope the Reader will not think the Time lost if we make a small Digression in her Favour.

She was the only Daughter of a very ingenious Artificer; that in *his Way* excelled every Body: She was born to Greatness, exceeding most of her Sex by the Head; but as her Neck was long, her Shape finely turned, and perfectly straight, and the rest of her Form in exact Proportion, she seemed rather dignified than

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H

tall;

tall: Her mind was no less exalted than her Person, and her Wit as brilliant as her Mein. At the Age of Eighteen she was courted by *Polypheme*, a Person of low Birth, and lower Parts; but his Parents by Fool's-pence, and Stale-beer, had amassed Money: And that — in some Quantity. As those that want Learning are usually most fond of giving their Children Schooling, so, those that are the farthest removed from Gentility, are the most ambitious of all others to make their Sons Gentlemen. So, *Polypheme's* Mother, who was, before her Marriage, but a Day-labouring-bricklayer's Servant, at forty Shillings a Year, would needs have her Son to be a Doctor. As to those Qualifications — essential thereto, the poor Woman was entirely ignorant: All that she knew of the Matter, was, that her Son had gone to the Free-school ten Years; and was the



the biggest Boy, if not the biggest Scholar, therein.

This young and new Gentleman, by some uncommon Artifice, had so far prevailed upon the Youth and Innocence of the charming *Elly*, as to gain her Consent to marry him. The Parents on both Sides being made acquainted with the Inclinations of the young Couple, agreed upon Terms; and nothing now remained but the Ceremony of the Church, to make them One. The Time for that was settled also; but *Polypheme*, whose Inconstancy constituted his Character, evaded it by counterfeiting Sickness, 'till he had reached the ultimate End of his Wishes and brought the young Lady to his Lure.

There are many Preparatives in the Physical Way, called *Philtres*, that may safely be practised on a vigorous Constitution; and some of these the deceitful *Polypheme* made use of to intoxicate and subdue not only the

Sense of Virtue, but the Sense of feeling too, in the unwary, innocent *Elly*.

One fatal Night she had been at Supper with him at his Father's; he waited on her home, where no Body sat up for her, there being two Keys to the Door, the Time late, and she in good Hands, or at least reputed so. Soon after getting to her Room, whither *Polypheme* attended her, as he had often Times done before, without the least Suspicion of Danger, she found herself vastly drowsy, and desired he would leave her: But a few Moments more laid her fast. Thus locked in the close Embraces of *Morpheus*, he undressed her, and took her into his own.

The Fortrefs thus surprized and taken, he presumed he might revel in the same Freedom, whenever he pleased; but the young Lady finding the Wedding Day post-poned again, upon a frivolous Account, and his Affections

Affections rather lukewarm than fervent, bravely unriddled the Mystery to her Father; and preferred this Plot to catch the Deceiver. The next Night, he insisted upon staying late, the Family being in Bed, as he supposed, and being earnest to re-act his former Farmiliarity, she not only opposed him, but cryed out; on which her Father and two Friends rushed into the Room, and found the Spark in no very decent Condition. He was now threatened for a Rape, unless he married her directly, one of the Gentlemen being a Clergyman, and prepared for the Office. This put *Polypheme* hard to it, and forced him to confess, that, since his Courtship with *Elly*, he had privately married another Woman, about fifteen Miles off. But to meliorate the Matter, said, she was in a Galloping Consumption, and could not live above a Fortnight, at farthest. So compounded the Matter, by giving Bond, to marry her

immediately after the Demise of his Wife ; or pay to Trustees, for her Use, the Sum of six thousand Pounds.

His Wife — who was not ill, as he had falsely pretended she was, lived many Years. This brought the charming *Elly* into a State of Despondency, that threw her at last into the Arms of a Country Gentleman, whose Name was *Belial Strong*, that made her a good Jointure — if not a good Husband. But she could not be happy ; her Heart was gone, and she could relish no body but *Polypheme*, whose Wife she esteemed herself to be. This was plainly seen by every body, but the easy Man her Husband.

*Polypheme's* Wife, who was clearer sighted, imagined she had Reason to be uneasy at his Conduct, and taking it to Heart, pined herself into a Consumption in Fact, and died of it. That Bar removed, and the Doctor single, there was now no Obstacle to the two Lover's Happiness, but the crazy Life of *Elly's* Husband ; and  
that

that was so complaisant as to leave his Body about half a Year afterwards, as his Wife had done his Bed, for six Years, or more.

Soon after died *Polypheme's* Father, and left him a large Fortune; but this, rather retarded than forwarded the Celebration with Mrs. *Strong*. *Polypheme* was proud, covetous and ambitious, and had cast his Eye on a certain Honourable Relict with a large Jointure, that, at the Race and other publick Times, used to lodge at his House. Mrs. *Strong* was fobbed off one Year for Decency; and another——for fear her Husband's Debts should be unpaid, and affect him. But the Lady's high Blood and his muddy Current, like Oil and Water, would not mix; and the *Phaetonian* Attempt, some how or other, got to *Elly's* Ear, and made her resolve to put the Bond in Execution.

In this Situation were their Amours when the young *Oxonian*, in the last Chapter, made the Enquiry.



## C H A P. X.

*Mr. Van's Arrival at Rutland : The singular Goodness of a Divine : Icarus in England, or a great Genius drowned in his Flight : Mr. Van's good Fortune in Meeting with a Friend : Coaches it up to London in a Waggon : His downright Treatment at Dunstable : The whole Colony arrive safe at London, where, after a short Stay, they take leave of this World.*

AFTER Mr. Van's Return to his Quarters, and a small breathing Time, he took leave of the Lord of the Castle, and his courteous Lady; and with six Hours easy ambling, reached the Capital of the smallest County in *England*. Going into an Inn with his String of — Children, he was taken Notice of by some Strangers that happened to be there  
for

for a Bait. Amongst these was a Brute of Fortune, called (tho' very improperly) a Country Gentleman, that knew Mr. *Van* intimately well; and gave the rest of the Company an Account of his Merit, Singularity and Vicissitudes of Fortune. But took care, on Mr. *Van's* Approach, to keep himself something behind the rest of the Company, as if he did not much care to be seen by his *quondam* Acquaintance. He was afraid, if discovered by the itinerant Gentleman, he might be asked to drink a Glass, and so incur a heedless Expence, of which he was always most extraordinary careful. He had his Oddities as well as our Hero; and was so miserably covetous, that being sick on a Time, and forced to send three Miles for an Apothecary, he thought much of three Shillings and Sixpence, that the Paracelsian charged for his Journey, and two Doses of Physick; saying in his deliberate Way. ' If I ha — ha —

‘ ha— had known it would have been  
 ‘ such a Charge to me, I would have  
 ‘ di— di — di — died first, Damme  
 ‘ if I wou’dn’t !’

Another of the Company was a little Lawyer, that knew — and practised a little Law, with great Analogy; his Person, Parts, Honesty, Soul, and Knowledge being in exact Proportion.

Another——was a worthy Clergyman, but a great Humorist, called Parson *Paul*, on account of his Protesting by that Apostle as frequently as one of our King’s used to do, by St. *Luke*’s Face. This downright Divine, who lived in his Parish like one of the Patriarchs, took great Delight in polishing and instructing the Ignorant and Irreligious, whether they belonged to his Parish, or the Parish of any other Clergyman. His Business at this Place was to complain of an Indignity done him by a Gentleman’s Servant in the Neighbourhood.

This

This Gentleman's Family-Name, was *Simpleton*, a Name as ancient as the Conquest; but he was more usually distinguished by his Title, which was, the *Bear of Beldome*, a Title, says *Cambden*, of very great Honour: The former Word being a plain Corruption, or rather a Diminutive, of *Ba-ron*; and the latter signifying a fine *Lordship*, we may suppose the former Possessors of *Beldome*, like the present Worthy Squire, were Men of no *small Figure*. This *great* Man being a great Croney of the Parson's, had sent him at *Christmas*, a Goose, for a New-years Gift, a Fowl Mr. *Paul* was extremely fond of, on Account of the Capitol's being saved by some of the same Kind. A Fowl so useful, that if the Legislators of *London* but knew the Story, they would certainly Substitute a sufficient Number of them to be their Guard, instead of the superannuated Cripples called Watchmen. This Goose, alias a Gander,

der, was brought in a Basket by a Man-boy of seventeen Years of Age, or something more, who knocking, very loudly at the Parson's Door, as if he belonged to Somebody, or was—Somebody himself, the Parson appeared in Person to see what extraordinary Personage shook his Dwelling in that tremendous Manner: When the following Dialogue was opened by the Lad. I call it Dialogue, by reason that, tho' there were three Persons on the Stage, the good Man, the Gudgeon and the Goose, there were but two Speakers, and lest the Reader should be at a Loss to distinguish Individuals we take the Liberty (like the modern Advertisers) to let *him* or *her*, know, that the last mentioned two legged Animal, tho' very loquacious at other Times, was now most Taciturn.

*Boy.* Pray do the *Parson* of *Lumberland* live here?

*Paul*



*Paul.* Yes, Child ; I am he, What do you want ?

*Boy.* 'Squire *Simpleton*, — I warn't you *knows* him ; has sent you a *Geuse* this *Christmas* ; and gis the *Pareson's* *Servis* to'n.

*Paul.* O, Come in Child, come in. You are a pretty, well-grown Lad : But it's pity my Friend the 'Squire does not learn you to go on an Errand better ; why you have no Breeding at all. There are several Errata's therein that stand in great need of Correction.

*Boy.* My Master said, *Mayhap*, yo'd *gum* me a Shilling or Sixpence, and not *Correction*.

*Paul.* O, you Mistake me, young Man. I would only for your good, instruct you how to deliver a Message with Elegance and Propriety ; and not approach a Gentleman as a Cow does a Turnip, open mouthed.

*Boy.* Then how should one speak ?

*Paul.* O, with sealed Lips. A close Mouth is the Symbol of Wisdom.

dom. The wise Man said the same Thing when he said something else. Come, give me the Basket; I'll go without, and do you stay within, and observe. On this wise shalt thou Speak.

On which the Parson took the Basket, and going into the Yard, shut the Door after him; where he staid about two Minutes and then gave, a Footman's Rap at the Door, or as the good Folks in *Siberia* say, knocked with Authority: At the Opening of which the Dialogue was resumed.

*Paul.* Pray, does the Vicar of *Lumberland* live here?

*Boy.* Uh! — You knows that, well enough.

*Paul.* Phu! Phu! You should not say so; you should say, yes Sir.

*Boy.* Yes, Sir.

*Paul.* Squire *Simpleton* has sent his Compliments and a Goose, Sir, as a small Token of his Esteem, this  
*Christmas.*

*Christmas.* Now, can't you say so?  
Come, take the Basket and try.

So out he turned the great Goose and the little one, into the Yard, to con Compliments; when after a small Stay, and several Repetitions, the Boy thundered a March upon the Door in Imitation of the Parson. This part of his Lesson, being simple, he remembered very well, and performed it with Ability; but the Tremulation of the Air, occasioned thereby, jumbled his Ideas on a Heap, and made him deficient in the Compound, as the Reader will find in the Concatenation.

*Paul.* Who's there? [*Opening the Door.*]

*Boy.* Uh!—You *knows* that. It's I.

*Paul.* Well, go on.

*Boy.* Pray Sir, do the — the —  
what do you call that *heard* Word?

*Paul.* Vicar.

*Boy.*

Boy. Ai, Wicker. Pray Sir, do the *Wicker* of *Lumberland* live here?

Paul. Yes, Child. What do you want with him?

Boy. Why *Squire Simpleton*, Sir, gis his *toakens* to you, and wou'd ha' you ha' a *Geuse* this *Christmas* Time.

Paul. Ah! You dull Rogue! Can't you remember a single Sentence? 'Squire *Simpleton* has sent his 'Compliments and a Goose, Sir, as a 'small Token of his Esteem, this 'Christmas.' Go, try again.

[The Boy goes out, returns and knocks  
Paul. Who's there?

Boy. I. ——— pray Sir, do the *Parson* live here?

Paul. Parson! you Puppy! The Vicar of *Lumberland*. Yes, Child. What would have with him?

Boy. *Squire Simpleton* has sent a *Toaken* of his *Complements* to the *Wicker* of *Lumberland* and gis him a  
*Geuse*

*Geuse* this *Christmas* Time ; and sends him a *Team*.

*Paul*. A *Team* ! A *T—d* ! You Fool ! *Afs* ! *Dunderhead* ! Observe better, do ! I'll knock your Head off, you young Dog, you ! If you don't do it this Time. ' *Squire Simpleton* has ' sent his Compliments and a Goose, ' Sir, as a small token of his Esteem, ' this *Christmas*.' Come, go out again, do. And bring another *Team*, if you dare.

The Boy went out again with the Basket as the Parson had ordered him ; but thinking him Mad, or something worse, for the Word Correction at their first Meeting, and the Sentence — knock your Head off at the last, operated so strongly within him, that he thought it best to go back, and return to his Master with his faithful Companion : Who, after hearing a long and strange Narrative of the Parson's Behaviour, was so well pleased with the Boy's Conduct  
that



that he gave him half a Crown, and eat the Goose himself.

The Parson not dreaming of being so served, waited patiently for the Boys knocking, near a Quarter of an Hour. But at length being tired, he adventured to open the Portal and look for him; tho' he was sensible, that in so doing — he made an Invasion upon decorum: And seeing neither Boy nor Basket, imagined he had in his profound Cogitation mistook his Way and tumbled into the Well. This frightened the good Clergyman much, as doubting something whether the Goose would be eatable afterwards. As a second Consideration, he thought of the Boy, — the Well, and the Coroner. This — brought to his Mind, Fees, Fines, a Funeral and Deodand: And made him cry aloud for Help, to search the Spring-pit. After letting down the Bucket and calling to the Boy to get into it several Times without Effect, the  
Parson

Parson gave a poor Fellow Sixpence to go down and feel for him with a Rake. This was an additional Misfortune to the poor Vicar, for the unusual Weight of the Wight broke the Well-rope, when he was within a Fathom of the Water, and down he went to the Bottom, where scrambling for something to lay hold of, and save his Fall, he caught his Arms full, and cried out (his Mouth being just above Water) I have him ! I have him ! hoisting up his Burden as he spoke to give him Air. But, alas ! instead of the Boy the good Folks above Ground discovered a Flitch of Bacon, that the Church-warden had lost about a Fortnight before. This was another Vexation to the Parson : For, tho' it was instantly restored to the Owner, without any Demand for Warehouse Room, he was afraid the Theft should be attributed to him, as it was found upon his Well, and the said Well unable to give a proper Account

Account how it came to be in Possession thereof. But to return.

The Parson, who knew Mr. *Van*, and who was not like the stammering Rustick aforementioned, very politely desired to drink with him, and wished he could have the Happiness of spending the Evening with him.

Another of the Company was a *West India* Merchant, or rather an Agent for hiring Artificers and other Servants for the Merchants in that distant Part of the Globe. This Gentleman who was a good Companion, and saw something companionable in our Hero, desired the Parson to introduce him to his Friend. The Parson, after a Bottle, went to visit the Squire, and enter his Complaint against the fugitive Boy: Of whose Aberration he had now received a full Information. Mr. *Van*, and his new Acquaintance the Merchant, liked one another extremely well, and sat up late; the first in recounting his Adventures

ventures at Home, and the other his Adventures Abroad. And the Agent finding Mr. *Van*'s Quarrel to the old World——easily prevailed upon him to leave it, and go to the New one, on the other side the Water: And offered his Interest to help him to a Principality, where he might reign like a King, over a vast Tract of Land well Wooded and Watered; where there was Store of Wild Fowl and other Game, which he might kill without Controul. He also promised him Shipping and all other Conveniencies, for the Transportation of his Family and Forces.

Mr. *Van* was so pleased with this Project, that he began once more to think there might be such a rare Thing as a Friend in this World; and agreed to go as soon as possible, provided the Place was not a Corporation. But the Agent assured him it was as far from that as any Thing in the World; it being a Place of perfect Freedom.

As

As the ultimate End of Mr. *Van's* Desire was Glory, what could be more grateful to him than this? To be a Prince, was above the utmost Stretch of his ambition: He had no Notion of such a Lot, and therefore had fixed his hopes less high. The Reason was, he had no Thought of ever going so far abroad; or else he knew long enough before, that Principalities and petty Kingdoms were as numerous there as Villages are here.

That Evening every thing was settled for the Voyage. He was to go to *London* in the Stage-Waggon, for Expedition sake, on the Morrow, by Reason there was a Vessel in that Port almost ready to Sail for his Dominions.

We did not hear that any Thing remarkable occurred 'till he got to *Dunstable*, a Place of much Fame for downright Doings. Here the Waggoner called to dine, at the House of a good old Woman, known by the  
Sign



Sign of the Windmill, the Cognisance of his Predecessor and Competitor in glorious Adventures, the ever memorable and incomparable Champion the Knight of *Mancha*. Our Hero asked the venerable Matron of the Mill, what Viands she had ready for the Refreshment of Mortals. Who answered him, as she does every Body else, 'That, she had got such a charming Couple of Fowls on the Spit, and such a lovely Leg of Mutton in the Pot, that if he did not say when he had dined, they were the best he had ever eaten in his Life, he should have them for nothing.' To this Mr. *Van* very readily agreed. After some Time, the Dinner came in, and proved the best twelve-penny Ordinary he had ever seen. There were for him and his Family only, a Couple of Fine young Fowls, and as good a piece of Bacon, a Leg of Mutton boiled and Caper Sauce; a Pidgeon Pye; some pickled Salmon  
and

and Green Pease; with a handsome Desert in the rural Way; and the whole well dressed, the Linnen white and the Pewter bright; which, to a Man of Mr. *Van's* Taste, was very satisfactory. After a chearful Glas with the Master of the Waggon, our Hero called the Hostess, and asked, if there was any thing to pay. She dropped a Courtesy, and said she would fetch his Bill. But he stopped her and bid her remember the Bargain. That if he did not say, when he had dined, the Fowls and the Leg of Mutton were the best he had ever eaten in his Life, he was to have them for nothing. Now, says he, I don't say so, nor won't say any such Thing: Therefore I hope I have nothing to Pay, nor you — any Thing to write. Well, Sir, said she, I am sorry for it. But I hope you will please to pay for the Sauce, the Salmon and Pye, and you are welcome to the Fowls and the Mutton. This was

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was so reasonable that the Gentleman complied at once : And in a few Minutes she returned with the Bill of Costs, where a Succession of Articles made the Sum total, exclusive of Liquor and Mutton and Fowls, amount to just six Shillings; which was the same as a Shilling a Head; only it shewed Ingenuity, and carried a Countenance of Generosity.

There are very few such Houses on the Road : The old Woman providing always in the same Manner, and at the same Price, for those Guests that call themselves Gentry; but for Guests of a lower Denomination, who are contented with the Table Cloth after the others have done with it, she abates in Proportion to their Appearance. At the Coach-house in *Northampton* you pay better and fare worse. And at *Newport* Mr. Van was once charged Eighteen-pence for half an Ounce of Coffee, by having two Children with him, tho' they

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I

never

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never tasted it : Yet the good Woman that took the Money never missed going to Prayers twice a Day.

When our Hero arrived at *London* he was met by his good Friend the Agent, who conducted him to a Lodging for a Week, when they went on Board the good Ship the *Nancy*, both him and his Son and his Daughters, and the Wind fitting fair, they left this ungrateful World, and all its Deceit, to explore another. A Circumstance that obliges us to take leave of Mr. *Van*, as we do also of the Reader.



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